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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE

3D.

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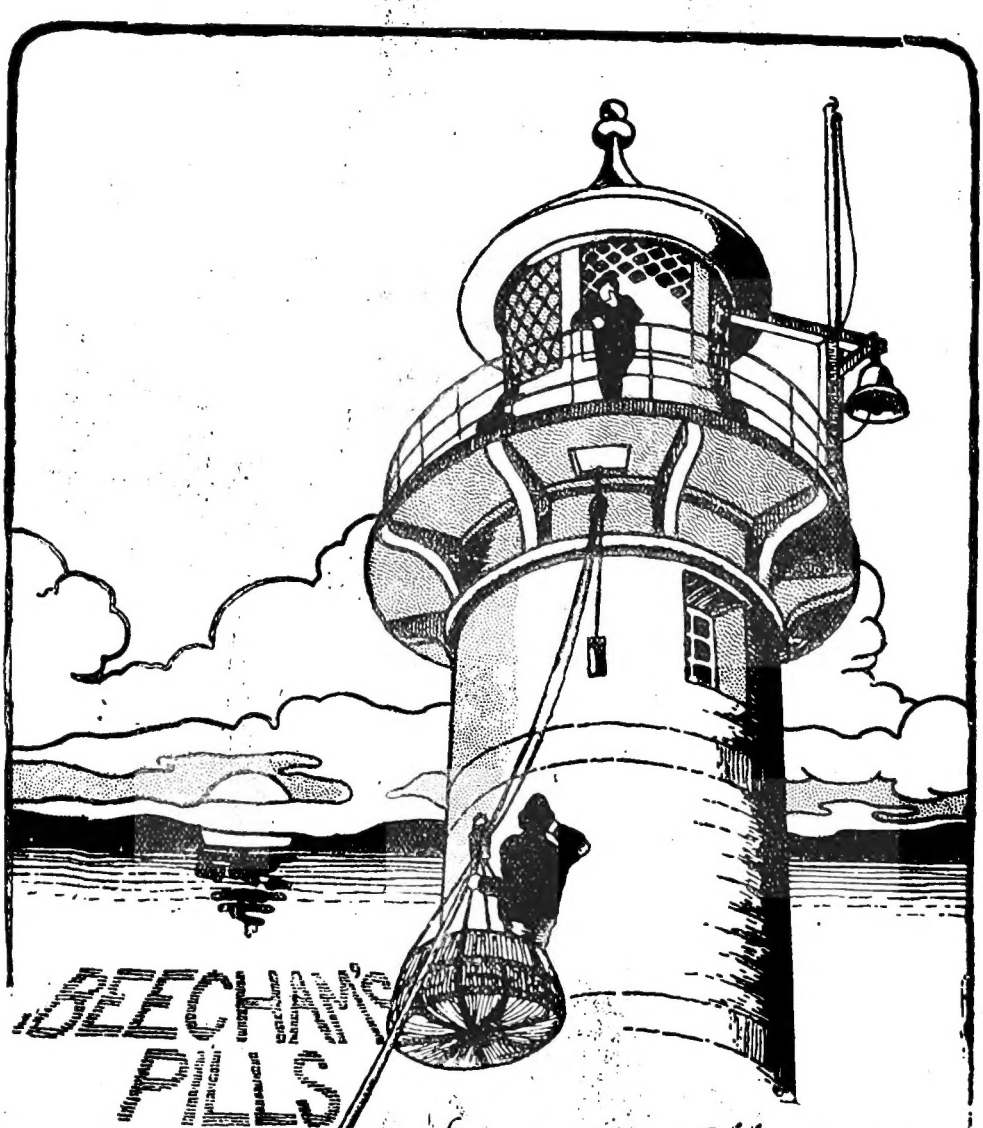

BEECHAM'S PILLS

are to the disordered System as Oil to the troubled Waters and, steer clear of danger to health by making Beecham's Pills your Guiding light on the first appearance of depression, a sure signal of distress which if unheeded may lead on to Wreck.

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'THE STOMACH GOVERNS THE WORLD.' —GENERAL GORDON.

DEPARTED ERRORS—*'Our past becomes the mightiest Teacher to our FUTURE; looking back over the tombs of DEPARTED ERRORS, we behold by the side of each the face of a WARNING ANGEL.'*—LORD LYTTON.

'Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.'
—BISHOP HALL.

'THOU COMEST IN SUCH A QUESTIONABLE SHAPE.'

SUNRISE OFT PROCLAIMS ITS VERDICT AND ITS WOE.

DRAWING AN OVERDRAFT ON THE BANK OF LIFE.—Late hours, fagged, unnatural excitement, changes of the weather, sleeplessness, feverish cold, with high temperature and quick pulse, breathing impure air, too rich food, alcoholic drink, gouty, rheumatic, and other blood poisons, biliousness, sick headache, skin eruptions, pimples on the face, want of appetite, sourness of the stomach, &c. Use ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' an Imperative Hygienic Need. It is everything you could WISH as a SIMPLE, SOOTHING, NATURAL, and HEALTH-GIVING agent. You CANNOT OVERSTATE its GREAT VALUE in keeping the BLOOD PURE and FREE from DISEASE by NATURAL MEANS.

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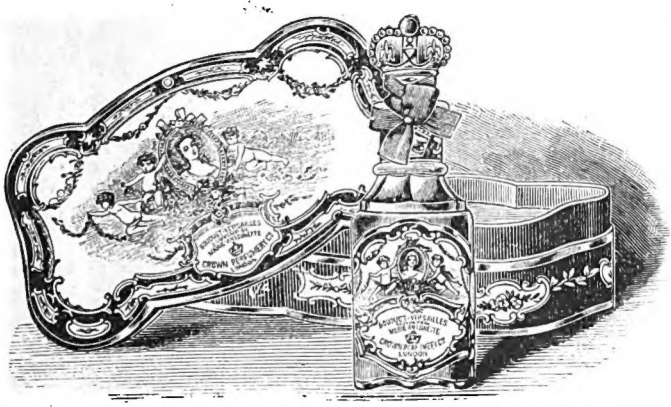

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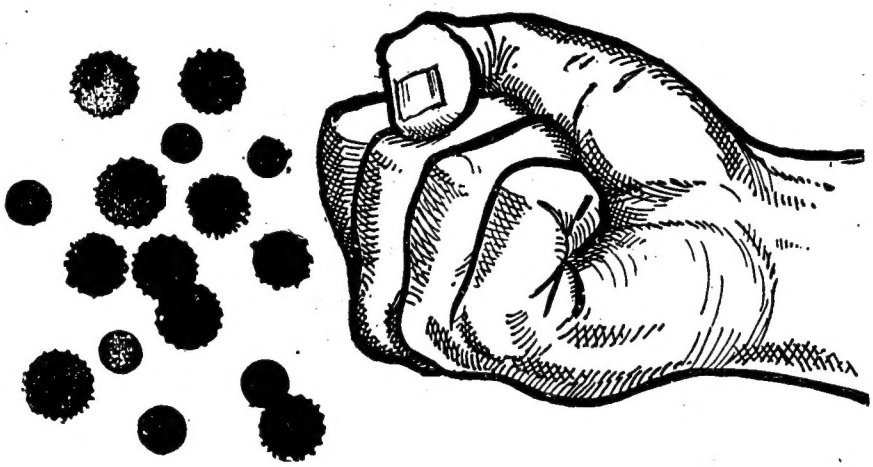

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The Purest and Best Value in the Market.

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ARE OBTAINABLE ALL OVER THE WORLD

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PÂTÉS AND CAMP PIES. — In Tins, from 1/- to 2/6 each. Make most DELICIOUS SANDWICHES. "SCIENCE SIFTINGS" AWARD OF MERIT for Excellence of Preparation.

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Fry's

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Spreads its beneficent influence
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"My Ideal of Perfection.
No better Food."
Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c.

275 GOLD MEDALS, &c.

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In price to 9d. per lb. in order to reduce stock, but

QUALITY GOOD AS EVER.

NEARLY 100,000 BEDS ALREADY SOLD TO THOROUGHLY SATISFIED PURCHASERS.

NEWHAM'S LINCOLNSHIRE FEATHER BEDS.

TESTIMONIAL.

2, Admirals Hard,
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Sirs,
I remain, yours faithfully,
F. BLOWEY.

To Messrs. NEWHAM & CO.,
Boston, Lincolnshire.

P.S.—You have my permission to use this as you think proper.

Trade Mark—"BOSTON STUMP."

AN OLD BEACON TOWER.

BOSTON, Lincolnshire, is known far and wide as the parent of Boston, America, but very few who have heard of its fame have seen the massive proportions of its Parish Church. We have, therefore, pleasure in giving a fine engraving of this old English Church. Boston Stump can be seen at a distance of forty miles at sea, and formerly served as a beacon over Lynn Deeps.

R. M. NEWHAM & CO.'S Celebrated **FEATHER BEDS,** too, are made at Boston, Lincolnshire, and have a world-wide reputation. Samples of Feathers and Price Lists sent **FREE** on application to **R. M. NEWHAM & CO.,** Feather Factory, **BOSTON, LINCOLNSHIRE.**

THESE BEDS are warranted doubly purified, dusted, and perfected in our own extensive factory at Boston, Lincolnshire, made in strong linen bordered tick. The quality, sweetness, and purity of every bed guaranteed. These beds ALWAYS GIVE SATISFACTION, and many thousands of purchasers have sent us flattering testimonials and other orders for beds. Note following prices, *which are*

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No. 1.—SINGLE BED, BOLSTER, and PILLOW, 6 ft. 3 ins. by 3 ft. 6 ins., weighing 40 lbs. 30/-

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Any sized bed only 9d. per lb. *Carriage paid* to any station in the United Kingdom. **Feathers only 9d. per lb.** The trade supplied. All orders must be accompanied by Cheque or P.O.O. (which, as security to purchasers, may be post-dated ten days). Send for Samples of Feathers and Tick, Price Lists, &c., which will be sent *post free*, and need not be returned. A great reduction on three or more beds. *Please mention this Magazine.*

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CANNOT BE BOUGHT IN A SHOP,

but are promptly sent by Parcel Post, safely packed, direct from the Largest Firm of Costumiers in the World.

All supplied in two good durable fabrics.

1. JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE, weather-resisting and weighty.

2. JOHN NOBLE COSTUME COATING, smooth-surfaced, and of lighter weight.

PATTERNS and New Illustrated Autumn and Winter Dress and Drapery List, sent POST FREE to all who name the *Royal Magazine*.

COLOURS of all these Costumes: Black, Brown, Sage, Ruby, Myrtle, Fawn, Electric, Purple, Grey, and Electric Blue.

The three **STOCK SIZES** are 34, 36, 38 in. round the bust (under arms); Skirts being 38, 40, 42 in. long in front. Any other size can be made to measure for 1/6 extra.

Model 984.

A very smart, well-made Chesterfield Coat and full-wide Tailor Skirt. Price, complete Costume, **10 6**; carriage, 6d. Skirt alone for 5/6; carriage, 5d. Made up in Costume Coating or Cheviot Serge.

A FULL DRESS LENGTH, of Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating (6 yds. 52 in. wide), for **7/6** Carriage, 8d.

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Model 976.

An exceedingly well-made and smartly finished Sacque Coat and Tailor-Skirt in the latest design. Price **15/-** complete Suit. Packed in leather board box and carriage paid, 1/- extra.

THE FAMOUS JOHN NOBLE KNOCKABOUT FROCK.

Made in Strong Serge, with saddle top, full sleeves, and pocket.

21	24	27	30 ins.
1/6	**2/-**	**2/6**	**3/-** ea.

33	36	39	42 ins.
3/6	**4/-**	**4/6**	**5/-** ea.

Lengths are from top of neckband to edge of skirt in front. Carriage 4d. extra.

WOOLLEN KNITTED CAPS (as Sketch), **1/-** each. All shades.

"IT speaks volumes for the excellence of The John Noble productions, that although, during the past quarter of a century, many firms have striven to imitate them, none have succeeded in making garments at anything near the same price—at all worthy to rank in the same class as The Famous John Noble Costumes, which are all made in the Firm's own sanitary workrooms by well paid dressmakers."

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A Box of 1,000 Patterns LENT to select from and sent Carriage Paid.

Bankers: "London and Midland" Bank, Limited.

Kindly name ROYAL MAGAZINE *when ordering, and also state Model, Colour, and size required.*

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My Friend Mr Frog – The Great Throat Doctor.

FROG IN YOUR THROAT

COUGH AND VOICE LOZENGE

FOR
SINGERS
SPEAKERS
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ALL VOICE
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What is "Frog in your Throat?"

In the U.S.A. if a person coughs, or shows any hoarseness, huskiness, or loss of voice, the question is at once asked: "*What's the matter, got 'Frog in your Throat?*'"

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COUGHS
COLDS
HOARSENESS
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7½d. & 1/1½d. per Box

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If you could find out

THE MEDICINE CHEMISTS TAKE THEMSELVES,

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THESE CHEMISTS ABOUT "FROG."

Messrs. J. PHILLIPS & SON, Chemists, NEWPORT, MON.:—"'Frog' sales perfectly astonish us. At first customers bought single boxes to try it, then, finding how good the 'Frog' is, frequently returned for three or four more boxes at a time. We are constantly receiving most gratifying testimonials about it from all classes. . . . The writer, having a bad throat last week, found the '*Frog*' *excellent, and as he used them, freely distributed them amongst friends and customers who came in.*"

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ALSO THIS CHEMIST ON HIS SALES.

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"Frog" is a "speaking trumpet" for weak voices. No lozenge in the world like it for giving clearness, timbre, and staying power to the singing and speaking voice. After work it gives what is most wanted—ease and rest.

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Much cheaper than sleepless nights, ruined throats and lungs, consumption, doctor's and undertaker's bills.

Get a box to-day, and keep it handy.

At all Chemists and Stores in British Isles, America, Australasia, South Africa, &c., or Post Free from

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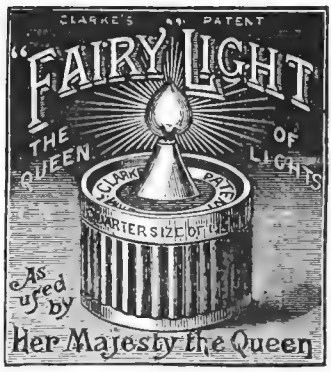
CLARKE'S "FAIRY" & "PYRAMID" LIGHTS



"FAIRY" LIGHT.

With double Wicks, in Boxes containing 6 Lights and Glass, burn 10 hours each.

To burn 6 hours, 10 Lights and Glass in box.

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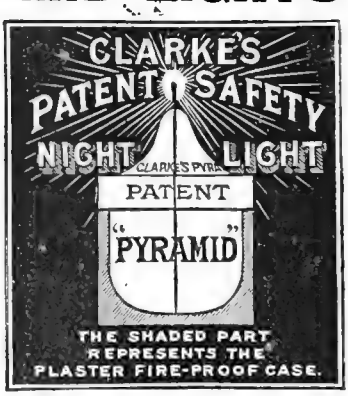
FOOD WARMER.



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Single Wicks, burns 9 hours each, in Boxes containing 8 Lights.

To burn 6 hours, 12 Lights in Box.

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SAMPLE BOTTLE 9 STAMPS.
MASON'S GINGER WINE ESSENCE.
A Sixpenny Bottle will, in six minutes, make sixty glasses of Delicious, Non-Alcoholic Wine. Agents Wanted.
NEWBALL & MASON, NOTTINGHAM.
MASON'S (Nottingham) COFFEE ESSENCE
(THE BEST MADE).

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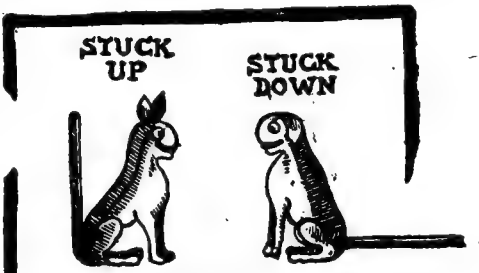
THERE IS NO BETTER REMEDY IN THE WHOLE WORLD FOR ALL COUGH AND THROAT TROUBLES THAN KEATING'S LOZENGES. ONE GIVES RELIEF. THEY WILL CURE, AND THEY WILL NOT INJURE YOUR HEALTH. THEY CONTAIN ONLY THE PUREST DRUGS.

Sold everywhere in 1/1½ Tins.

For

FREE SAMPLE

including Strong Useful Brush (not a toy), send Two Penny Stamps to cover Cost of Postage.



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STICKPHAST PASTE

FOR JOINING PAPERS AND STICKING IN SCRAPS
6p & 1/- with strong, useful Brush

Factory—
Sugar Loaf Court, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.
OF ALL STATIONERS.

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A CLEAR head and active brain is an absolute necessity in these days. Now, reader, we want to impress upon you the important fact that no matter whether physical or mental labour is meant, or even if, as is too often the case in these days of fierce struggle for existence, an excess of either has to be accomplished, Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa will prove of inestimable service. The jadedness and tiredness which characterises thousands of young men and women of the present day, too often resolves itself into a question of diet. A partially digested Food-beverage, such as Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, gives strength, stamina, and builds up and strengthens the tissues. The disinclination for further effort and exertion so often experienced will become a thing of the past; and heat in summer, and cold in winter, and all the bleak uncertainties of our trying climate can be faced with Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, which has contentrated powers of nutriment, and imparts stamina and staying powers, adds to powers of endurance, and enables those who use it to undergo greater physical exertion and fatigue.

The *British Medical Journal* says: "Vi-Cocoa is a very palatable beverage of great stimulating and sustaining properties." The *Lancet* says: "Vi-Cocoa is in the front rank of really valuable foods." We say that

For

BREAKFAST

and

SUPPER

there is Nothing to equal . . .

DR TIBBLES' Vi-Cocoa

Merit, and merit alone, is what we claim for Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, and we are prepared to send to any reader a dainty sample tin of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, free and post paid.

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, 6d., 9d., 1s. 6d. Can be obtained from all Chemists, Grocers, and Stores, or from 60, 61, and 62, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

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FOR INDIGESTION

"Bermaline" BREAD.

MANUFACTURED AND SOLD BY ALL THE LEADING BAKERS THROUGHOUT THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Dr. ANDREW WILSON says:—"This Bread should be eaten by all who are in any way affected by digestive ailments."

HAVE YOU A COLD?

Dr. MACKENZIE'S

Catarrh-Cure

SMELLING BOTTLE

Will immediately Cure it. INFLUENZA, CATARRH, COLD IN THE HEAD, NERVOUS HEADACHE, HAY FEVER, and NEURALGIA in the Head are at once relieved and effectually cured by it. Is the best remedy for FAINTNESS and DIZZINESS.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

PRICE ONE SHILLING,

Or Post Free 15 Stamps from

Mackenzie's Cure Depot, Reading.

☞ *Refuse worthless imitations.*

Given Away

Peach's LACE Curtains

21s DIRECT FROM THE LOOMS CARR. PAID **21s**

POPULAR PARCEL

LOT **825** contains one pair superb **Drawing-room Curtains,** choice rich lace, 4yds. long, 2yds. wide; 2 pairs (alike) handsome **Dining-room Curtains,** 3½yds. long, 60in. wide; 1 pair neat fancy floral **Bedroom Curtains,** 3yds. long; length fine quality **Sash Curtaining,** to make 1 pair; 1 Guipure **Sideboard Cover,** 60in long, fringed. All Curtains taped. Ecru if desired. Sent carriage paid for **21/-.**

GIVEN AWAY with each parcel: 6 **Lace Covers,** fringed, for dressing-table, one 45in. long, and 5 smaller. Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned.

"The Young Ladies' Journal," May, 1897, says: "We can confidently recommend Peach's Curtains, having proved their wear for many years."

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"GLYCERINE & HONEY JELLY"

For Chaps, Roughness of Skin, &c.

It softens and Improves the HANDS, FACE and SKIN generally. Still growing in popular favour after 30 years' use. Beware of Spurious Imitations. Sold by all Chemists and Stores, in Metallic Tubes, **6d.** and **1s.** Sample post free for 6 or 12 stamps from Proprietors.

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Specially prepared for the INFANT'S FIRST SKIN. Delicately perfumed. Recommended for Children and Adults with TENDER SKIN. Price **6d.**, *post free* **6** *stamps.*

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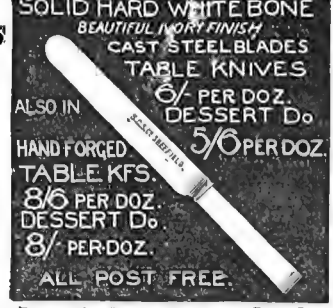

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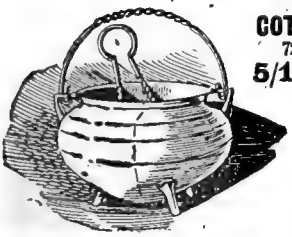

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Medium size ... 3/11
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Do., with Twisted Polished Brass handle, 2/- each extra.
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Coal Tongs to match, all Black, 1/6 per pair.

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COTTON SHEETS, 72 inches wide.
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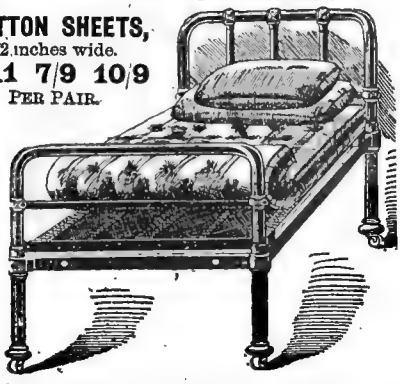

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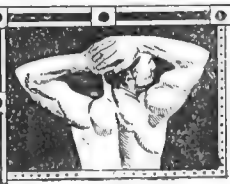

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Weak, 8/6 Medium, 10 6 Strong, 12 6

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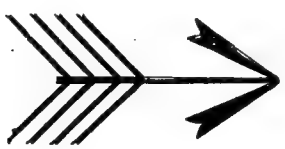

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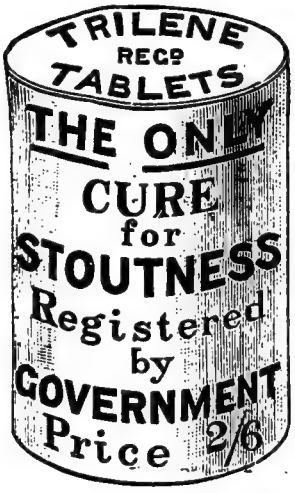
Can be CURED by taking

TRILENE TABLETS

(Regd.)

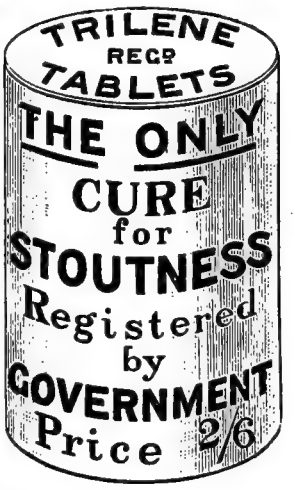


for a few weeks. They will safely REDUCE WEIGHT and CURE CORPULENCY PERMANENTLY, whether Abdominal or General. They are small, agreeable, harmless, sent privately, and never fail to improve both Health and Figure without change of Diet.

AN ENGLISH COUNTESS writes:
"Your Trilene Tablets act admirably."

Send 2s. 6d. to Mr. M. Wells, The Trilene Company, 66, Finsbury Pavement, London.

An interesting book on Obesity accompanies each Box.



SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

"87, Alexandra Road, Norwich, 19th Oct., 1896.
"GENTLEMEN,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them—their action was rapid and exceeded our utmost expectations, as they were also most beneficial to the respiratory organs. My wife was many years growing too stout, but although the disease was, I consider, chronic, the Tablets soon reduced the same completely. You have our united thanks, and if I can do anything to promote your interests, I will freely use my utmost endeavours to do so.—Yours faithfully, J. R. CANHAM."

Extract from *The Lady*, 3rd Sept., 1896: "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk, either by means of severe dieting or by taking more or less deleterious drugs; but all these pains would have been saved if they had only invested in a case of the wonderful Trilene Tablets, which are guaranteed absolutely harmless, containing neither mercury, arsenic, nor any other mineral poison, and which are an unfailing Cure for Obesity."

PRINCESS LIECHTENSTEIN OF LANDSBERG, Austria, writes: "Pray send me your Tablets directly."

LADY CONSTANCE CONRAD writes from Wiesbaden: "I am highly pleased with your Tablets."

COUNTESS FURSTERNBERG writes: "The Tablets act speedily and well."

MRS. DARNLEY SMITH, of Landsdowne Vicarage, Ashburton, writes: "The Tablets have reduced my weight very considerably and benefited my health in every way. You may use this as you like."

MISS B. MCKENZIE of Greenhall, High Blantyre, N.B., says: "Completely cured, being reduced 2 st."

Jhansi, India, Sept. 14, 1897.
SURGEON-COLONEL E. S. BRANDER, M.D., writes: "As far as my experience goes, your Tablets form an excellent preparation for reducing weight."

MISS DUGGLEBY, 16, New Road, Driffield, writes: "The girl who took your Tablets is reduced about 2½ st."

MRS. CROSSLEY, of Rose Hill, Torver, near Coniston, says: "My weight is greatly diminished. I am delighted, and cannot praise Tablets too highly. My heart is better, and I breathe so much easier. You may refer to me as often as you like."

MRS. W. A. RADFORD, of High Street, New Brinsley, Eastwood, says: "I was 46 in. round waist before taking Tablets. I am 32 in. now, and hope soon to be my proper size. I could not get my garments on before sending to you, nor could I get about in comfort; but I have been up and about ever since, and am greatly reduced."

MARIAN TAYLOR, Church Farm, St. James, Halesworth, says: "I have lost quite 2 st. since taking your Tablets."

MRS. WEAVER, of Greenpits Villa, Station Road, Ross, Hereford, says: "Have been reduced from 13 st. 8 lb. to 11 st., and you may make any use of this statement. I can highly recommend them."

West Cornforth, Ferryhill.
MR. WILLIAM USHER says: "A sister of mine, who was 17 st., was greatly reduced by your Tablets to 15 st."

"77, Hindhill Street, Heywood, 5th February, 1898.
"GENTLEMEN,—I have not quite finished the box of Tablets, and am 21 lb. lighter. The change is great, and several friends are beginning the treatment, which not only reduces fat, but strengthens rheumatic joints—such has been the case with me.

"Yours sincerely, M. A. HEYWOOD."

COLOUR-SERGEANT WHITTLE, of East Lancashire Regiment, Burnley, Lancs., says: "A man in our regiment in 1891 lost several stone from taking your Tablets."

MR. BUTLER, Surgeon (M.R.C.V.S.), of Hampton Manor, Evesham, says: "My patient has lost 1 st. in weight whilst taking your Tablets."

MRS. JAMES SMITH, of Cowell Terrace, Soham, says: "Your 2s. 6d. box of Tablets reduced my weight 12 lb."

FATHER T. M. BYRNE, of Holy Cross Abbey, Sligo, writes: "When I began your Tablets I was 12 st. 5 lb.; I now scale at 10 st. 11 lb.—my case, too, is hereditary."

MRS. WHITEHOUSE, of Poplar Avenue, Edgbaston, writes: "My husband is in splendid health, and has lost 15 lb. since taking the Tablets. I thank you on his account."

MISS S. J. GOWLETT, of Rufforth, York, says: "The girl who took your Tablets has lost about 28 lb., and is 7 in. less in waist."

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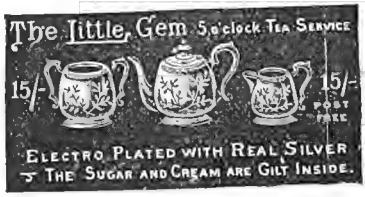
OR TEA POT COFFEE POT SUGAR & CREAM COMPLETE FOR 24/6

ELECTRO PLATED WITH REAL SILVER.
FULL SIZE STRONG AND ELEGANT RICHLY ENGRAVED BY HAND

Solid White Bone beautiful Table Knives. **6/-** doz. Dessert **5/6** doz. Carvers, **3/-** pair. Finest White Nickel Silver Tea Spoons, **2/6** doz. Dessert Spoons and Forks, **5/6** doz. Table Spoons and Forks, guaranteed to wear like silver all through, **6/6** doz.



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With Wire Spring Mattress Complete
No trouble to fix.

3ft. by 6ft. 6in. 1in. Pillars, Brass Mounts Brass Knobs. Strong and well finished. Gold decoration.

Cheapest and Best Bedstead ever offered

20/-

With Wool Overlay Mattress, Bolster and Pillow, the lot for **30/-**
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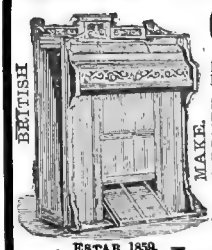

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Cocoatina

if you please!"

It has long been claimed for this article that it is absolutely the finest and most nourishing Cocoa in the world, and the above sentence is quoted to show how strong scientific evidence is in favour of that plea. These words were used by the late Sir Andrew Clark during the course of one of his last inaugural addresses to students, in describing a typical case of malnutrition, with its attendant evils, and whilst indicating the proper course of treatment to be pursued, urged his hearers to insist on the use of this wonderfully strengthening and recuperative beverage.

The eminent practitioner also invariably recommended SCHWEITZER'S COCOATINA to sufferers from digestive troubles who consulted him, and gave it a prominent place in his famous diet rules. The reasons for the great and ever growing popularity amongst medical men and the general public of this

TRULY GREAT COCOA

are not far to seek, and may thus be briefly summarised :—

I.—SCHWEITZER'S COCOATINA is a Pure Cocoa, made from the finest beans obtainable, and the choicest of the world's markets. Before the initial stages of manufacturing are commenced these are carefully inspected, and ONLY THOSE in sound condition are used. Much has been said about Cocoa of late, but there is one point we should like to impress upon our readers. In manufacturing Cocoatina we use ripe beans. It is of the utmost importance that the public should avoid Cocoa made from the unripe article, as nothing deranges the system so quickly.

II.—In the process of manufacture all the valuable properties natural to Cocoa are preserved intact, thus rendering Cocoatina absolutely full of nourishing and strengthening properties, and any so-called beneficial admixture would only lessen its value.

III.—By an unique process of manufacture, the valuable PHOSPHATES—of vital importance to children—are rendered perfectly soluble and assimilative to the weakest digestive organs, so much so that children using it regularly become perfectly supplied with RED BLOOD corpuscles, and are independent of unpalatable and digestive-disturbing chemical tonics.

THE ROYAL COCOA.—"THE QUEEN has a cup of Schweitzer's Cocoatina brought to her at 7.30 a.m., and two hours later uses the same beverage at the breakfast table."—*Society*.

THE TSAR'S MESSAGE.—"Send immediately to office of Marshal, Imperial Court, Petersburg Winter Palace, 20 half-pound tins Schweitzer's Cocoatina.—Colonel ANITSCHKOFF."—*Telegram from St. Petersburg*

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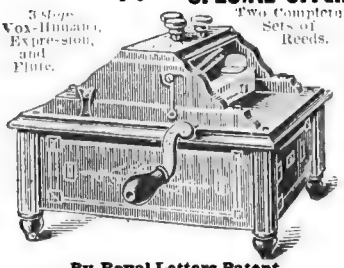

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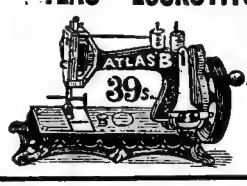

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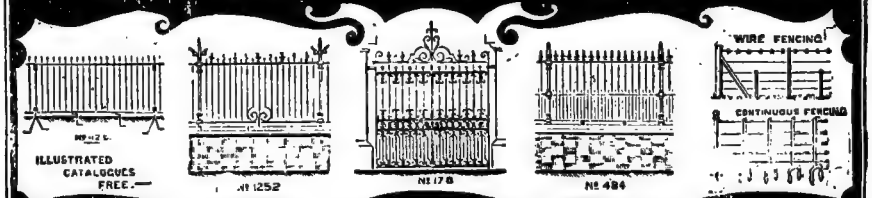

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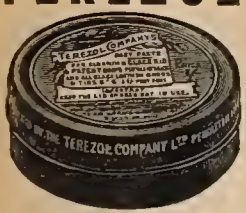

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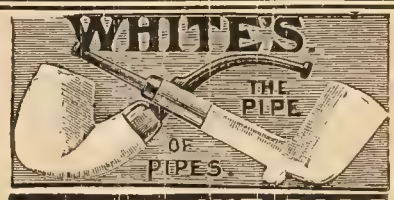

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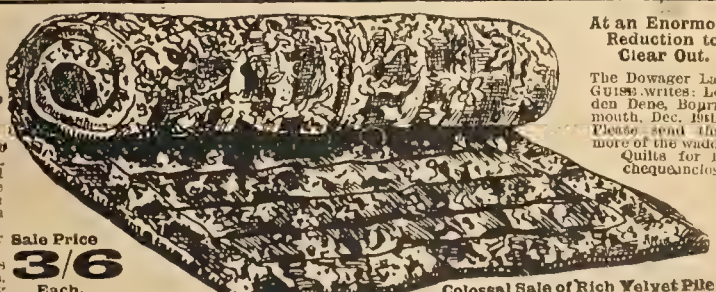

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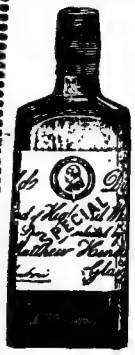

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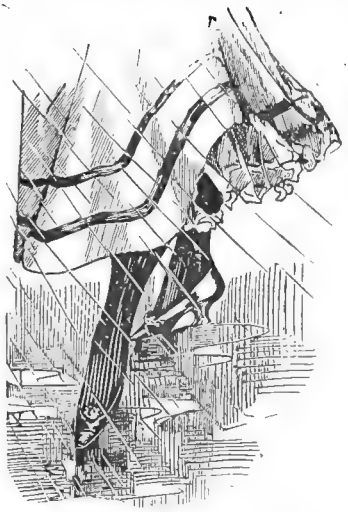

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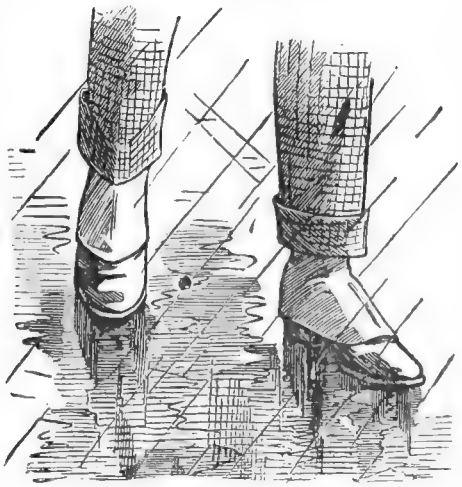

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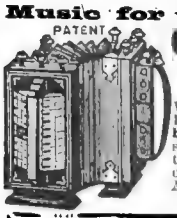

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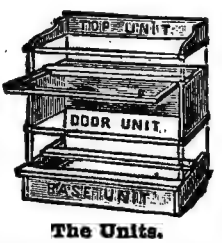

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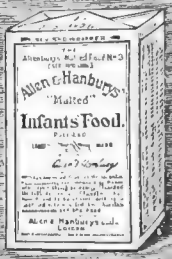

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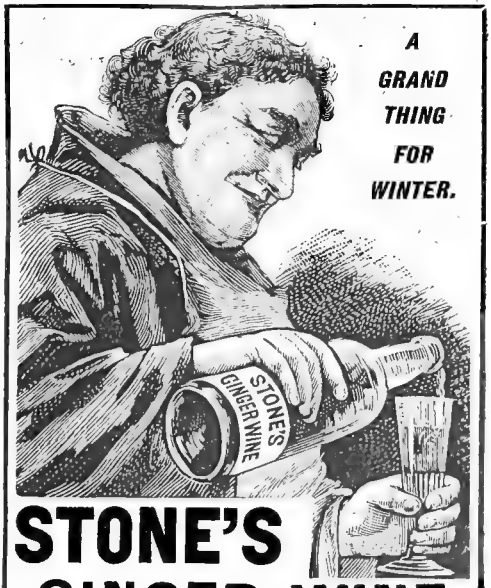

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

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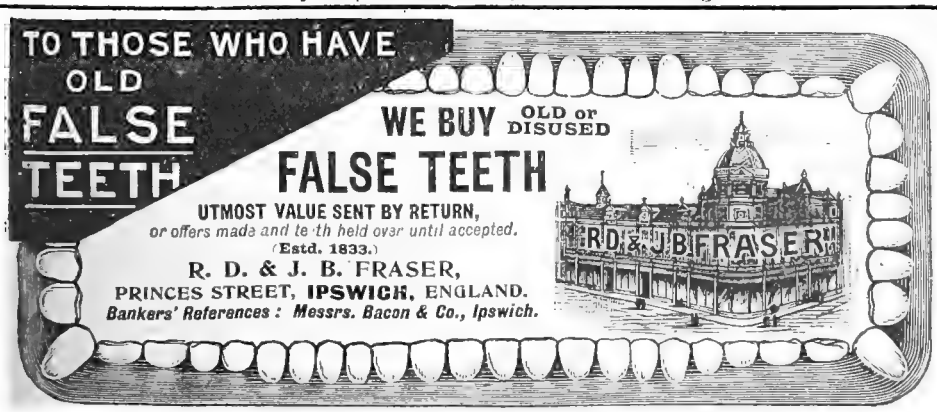
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BUT STILL THE CLOCK TICKED ON AND BROUGHT THE BLADE NEARER. (See page 9).

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By Kirby Draycott.

On an outlying spur of the Buckkeberg, overlooking the pleasant Valley of the Weser, looking south-eastward towards Hameln, the city of the Pied Piper, you may see to this day the ruins of the once proud stronghold of Schaumburg, and of these ruins there is a portion which still rears itself high above the low, crumbling walls, and the grass mounds which cover other walls that once lay about it.

Wherever you find a ruined castle—and there are many of them in this region of Germany—and you ask how it came to be such, it is twenty chances to one that they will tell you "it was in the Peasants' War," and this, as you will see, was the case with the Schaumburg.

This war was really the revolt of the serfs of Germany, and chief among their leaders was one Goetz of the Iron Hand, a captain of Freelances, as stark and cunning a scoundrel as ever disgraced gentle blood by lawless deeds. Five years before, when he was the heir of Ostenland by the Ems, he had sought the hand of Brunhild with great ardour; but her heart was already given to Conrad of Schaumburg, and, moreover, he was a man of small substance; and so Graf Moritz, weary at length of his importunities, had told him shortly to go and seek a more fitting mate among the daughters of the traders of Hameln.

He went away after this rebuff half mad with rage and disappointed love, and a few weeks later he hired a score of men belonging to a band of outlaws, and at their head made an attempt to carry off the heiress of Detmold by force. For this he was outlawed, and so in time he had become the Chief of the Freelances, whose former captain he had slain in a duel; and now, professing great love and pity for the serfs and their sufferings, he had put himself and his men at the head of their bands in the Weser Valley, and so led them to the siege of the stronghold of Schaumburg.

This siege had lasted over eleven weeks, and there was no hope of help from the cities or from the other castles along the river. The food was almost exhausted, and the wells were low after the long dry summer. There was wine still in the cellar in plenty, but when Count Conrad thought of that, he thought also of the evil passions that it would inflame when once the castle lay open to its besiegers.

Something must be done, and that quickly, if those in Schaumburg would live, for soon, and indeed not many hours hence, they must do one of three things. They must fight their way with all their women and children through the beseiging hosts to Hameln; they must starve behind their walls; or they must surrender—and surrender meant only

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After evening service had been held in the chapel.

torture and death for all—man, woman, and child alike.

It was late in the evening of the eleventh Sunday, after evening service had been held in the chapel and the last prayers for deliverance had been offered up, that Count Conrad went into his wife's chamber to tell her the result of a Council of War that had just been held, and this was the decision: that within four days they must either surrender or sally out and fight their way to Hameln.

"But, Conrad, both are impossible. You know there are half as many women and children in Schaumburg as there are men-at-arms. You would not leave them here, nor could you take them with you and defend them as well as fight your own way through the rebels. All would be slain before you had marched two leagues, even if you broke through the lines they have drawn round the castle. As for surrender, you know what they did at Weinsberg; you know how they made the soldiers jump from the towers and battlements on to the pikes and pitchforks below; how they made Lord Louis of Helfenstein run between two lines of armed men till he was beaten bleeding to the earth."

"And no more than either can we stop here and starve. Surely a quick death would be better than that, and if not that, what else that is not worse? We have only three days of the scantiest rations left; the water is only mud; and good wine, though we have plenty of it, only makes starving men mad. What else, then, are we to do, sweet one? If thou knowest tell me, and I will do it most gladly."

The Countess Brunhild folded her hands, and let them fall on her knees, and sat looking down at the rush-strewn floor in silence for some moments; and her husband meanwhile strode to a latticed window, and threw it open, and looked out over the moonlit plain that lay five hundred feet below, with the broad silver band of the river winding through it.

He stood there busy with many thoughts, till Brunhild rose from her seat and came and laid her hands softly on his shoulders.

"Conrad," she said, turning her soft blue eyes shyly up to his, "I have thought of another way, which is neither a hopeless fight nor a yet more hopeless surrender."

"Thou hast?" he cried, taking her sweet, up-turned face between his hands. "Thou hast? Well, then, let me know it. If thou canst save us, it will not be the first time that a woman's wit has won what man's strength and valour would have lost. What is it?"

"What if we were to take a hostage, and hold his safety against ours."

"A hostage? How are we to take one, and who shall it be?"

"What if it were Goetz himself?"

"Goetz—here a hostage in the Castle? Nay, dearest, surely thou art dreaming a thing

Google

that is impossible, though I would give ten thousand crowns to have him here before morning, for without him the Freelances would go away plundering some richer place than this, and the serfs, without a leader, would scatter before us like sheep. It would be the saving of us all. But how? How? Nay, I fear that is impossible, dearest."

"Not impossible," she said, "though not to be done lightly or without risk."

"But how—how?" he asked again, somewhat impatiently.

"By me, and this way," she said, smiling and raising her finger to stop the protest that she saw rising to his lips. "Now, listen and be patient, for I will not be long.

"Thou knowest why Goetz is here laying siege to poor Schaumburg instead of leading his men against the rich towns where they could gorge themselves with plunder. It is because I am here, because he would revenge himself upon thee, and force me to watch thy death as Jacklein Rohsbacker made Count Louis's wife look on while he was hewn to pieces. That is why he has wasted all these weeks before our walls, for I have it on certain information that he has sworn that he will either take me from thee alive or give my dead body and thine to the wolves."

"By the Mass, I would not leave much of him for the wolves if I had him once within these walls," Count Conrad growled between his clenched teeth. "But how? But how?"

"Why should not the bait that has brought him thus far bring him farther?" she whispered, dropping her eyes again.

"What!" he said, taking her by the arms and putting her a little away from him, "wouldst thou, my Countess and my wife, give thyself as bait, as thou sayest, to entice this knave into the trap? Wouldst thou, Brunhild, stoop to such a deed?"

"I may stoop, and I may fall," she replied, looking up at him bravely, "but I am only one, and there are many here to be saved, and among them thou and our little Moritz. The risk is great, but so is the gain, and by any other way there is not even risk or chance, only certainty of death and ruin for all of us."

"But in this, even if it were possible, there is the greater chance of sacrifice for thee."

"Nay, not greater, Conrad, for no chance can equal that which is certain. We cannot stay here to starve, we cannot escape, and to surrender without a hostage is as certain sacrifice for me as it is for thee and all the others."

So Conrad and his wife talked far into the night—she pleading for permission to do the

"This way," she said, raising her finger.

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daring deed that might save all in Schaumburg, and he seeking, as he thought for her own sake, to find reasons why she should not do it. But in the end she conquered, as woman ever does in such matters, and by the time the sentries on the walls called the hour of sunrise her scheme was ready to pass from thought into action.

II.

All the next day the Countess was maturing her plans, and her lord, the Count, was shaping his, for, now that he had consented to the attempt being made, he was determined that if it succeeded he would give Goetz of the Iron Hand such a lesson as he and those like him would remember for some time to come. To this end he consulted for several hours, not only with his captains and lieutenants of the garrison, but also with old Max Schieferl, his major-domo, and Rolf Goberl, the armourer, with results that shall be set out shortly.

That evening, soon after dusk, an arrow was shot from the angle of the walls which approached most nearly to the camp of the Freelances, and so strongly was the bow drawn, and so well was the arrow aimed, that it fell only a few yards in front of the tent of bullock hides above which flew the standard of Goetz of the Iron Hand. There was a sheet of rice paper wrapped tightly round the shaft, and as there was writing on the outside of this, the man who found it took it to his Captain's tent.

There Goetz of the Iron Hand, a tall, stalwart man, yet well under forty, black of hair, and brown and ruddy, and strong of face as well as of figure, unbound it and read it. At first he could not believe his eyes, for it seemed impossible that she, who had scorned him five years ago for love of another man, and who since then had been Countess of Schaumburg, and had ruled the country-side like a queen, should now write such words to him.

She had ceased to love her husband; that was possible considering the years that had passed. He was starving her in Schaumburg; that was probable, since it was most likely that all were starving. She wished to be taken away and be in safety before the wrath of the revolted serfs was let loose on Schaumburg, as it had been on other places; that, too, was only natural. She had heard of the fame that he had won as the champion of the oppressed, and repented of the choice she had made; that, too, was natural. But—well, after all, what did "buts" matter. Did he not love her still, not only with the old love, but with an added fierceness and passion born of the desire for revenge? What would he not risk? What would he not give to have her completely in his power if only for a day, and to know that Conrad, his successful rival, was powerless to help her?

Yet there were risks. There might be treachery. She told him in as shameless a letter as ever was written by an honest hand or brought blushes to a pure cheek, that for an hour after dark for three nights she would wait for him at a certain clump of trees some hundred paces from the little tower at the end of the wall running up the mountain on the western side. But, if he would show his trust in her, he must come alone with two horses. If he brought any of his men the sentries would be alarmed, for, saving the clump of trees, the ground was open and they would be seen.

The first night he went within a short bow-shot of the trees. A white figure appeared among them and seemed to beckon to him. The next night he went nearer, but took a dozen of his men with him, and crawled over the open ground, lying as close to it as they might. Again the white figure appeared, but when they surrounded the trees to search it had gone, and Goetz found a piece of paper pinned to a tree, and on it were the words:

"If thou wouldst have what thou comest to seek thou must come alone. I cannot trust him who does not trust me."

So the next night Goetz, his passion raised to fever heat by this tantalising, took his fate in his hands and went alone. His horses he left with one of his troopers on the edge of the wood beyond the clear ground. He entered the little copse with high-beating heart, for in the dimness of the starlight he saw the white figure standing in the shadows. He sprang towards it with a low cry of hungry longing.

"Brunhild! Brunhild! At last I have thee!"

The figure opened its arms to receive him. He opened his to clasp it to him, and the next moment a grip of iron closed round his neck, something rose from the earth and clasped his knees, the grip on his throat choked back his cry for help, ropes wound round his limbs like living snakes, a gag was thrust into his mouth, and a bandage bound round his eyes. He struggled wildly for a moment or so, and then he heard an oath, and with that there fell a blow on his head, and for a time the rest was darkness and silence. He had a dim idea of being carried

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down into the earth and along a passage, and then up again, and then his senses left him.

When he came to himself, he was lying bound on a straw-covered pallet in a dark room, whose air he had to breathe but once to know that it was a dungeon. In the morning, when the grated window was just showing grey in the darkness, four men at-arms came and took him up without a word, and carried him to the great hall where Count Conrad and his countess were sitting on the daïs. He looked upon her beauty as a shackled tiger might look upon a fawn, but he said nothing, for his heart was too full of rage for speech. Then Count Conrad said good humouredly:

"Friend Goetz, look not so fiercely. Thou art not the first of thy kind that has fallen into a woman's lure. That thou art here is only punishment for thinking that the wife of Conrad of Schaumburg could have been what it would seem thou has taken her for, but more than this no harm is meant thee, save what may come from thine own people. Now, tell me, what is the name of thy second in command, for it is necessary that I should send a message to him."

"He is Diedrich of Altenau," replied Goetz of the Iron Hand with a growl, thinking, and in some measure rightly, that it was a question of ransom, which was not unwelcome to him, for he had no fancy for having the flesh torn off his bones with hot pincers or being skinned alive on the battlements in front of his men, as he himself had done to other poor wretches many a time before this.

"That is enough," said Count Conrad shortly. "Now take him away, and give him meat and drink, for he hath a somewhat long fast before him, and when he hath had enough take him to the clock tower and do what is needful." So Goetz was carried away, wondering at his treatment, and trying to think what might befall him in the clock tower; yet never were a man's thoughts further from the reality than his were.

A grip of iron closed round his throat.

When he had gone, Count Conrad said to his wife:

"Now everything is ready save one thing. Is there any within the Castle who will give himself for the rest, and stand in the clock chamber to strike off the fan should the rebels not keep the terms, if they accept them?"

Then old Max Schieferl came forward bowing, and said:

"Lord, let it be me. I have lived under the protection of thy house in ease and comfort, I have neither wife nor child, and not many more ears to live, let me do this small service in payment for all that I have had from thee and thy father."

After this many others came forward begging for the honour of taking so glorious a post, and, if needs be, dying at it; but old Max stood firm, and, in the end, after many tears from the Countess and her women, and some from Count Conrad himself, he had his way.

When the sun rose, and his first beams fell on the great clock face in the tower that rose high above the eastern wall of the burg, the

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Freelances and the rebels below saw a strange sight. Some of Goetz's men had been anxiously seeking their leader all night, and now they had found him, for his head with its long black hair cropped short about the neck, its brown face, seeming now to turn grey, and its black eyes staring out as though a rope were tightening round his neck, had been thrust through a hole in the clock face at the lower edge of the figure twelve.

The hands of the clock had gone, and in their place there had been bolted two bright blades, which gleamed and glittered in the sunbeams, but the order of them was reversed, for the longer was now the hour, and the shorter the minute-hand, and it was plain to see that this latter at each hourly revolution would just scratch the throat of Goetz with its point. But the long hour-hand, which was now pointing to the five, would, after seven hours, strike his neck, and be driven by the engine within the clock through flesh and bone until the head dropped into the moat beneath.

As the great bell boomed out five strokes, a mounted man-at-arms rode over the quickly-lowered drawbridge and under the raised portcullis, bearing a letter to Diedrich of Altenau, and in this letter Count Conrad said briefly:

Ye have seen how your leader looks down on you from his high place. We here will march out in an hour's time on the way to Hameln, taking only our arms with us. The rest we will leave for you till we come again to take account for it. But one of us remains behind. If none of you enter the castle till the last stroke of twelve, the clock will stop at that moment, and you can go in and release your leader and do what you will with the castle and all that there is in it; but if one man crosses the drawbridge before then, or if any seek to hinder us on our way, he who remains behind will break the governing fan of the clock, and then you shall see the blades fly round swiftly, and the head of Goetz shall be in the moat before you can save him; and even if that should fail, he who is left will drive a dagger into his heart. Let your answer come back within an hour. CONRAD OF SCHAUMBURG.

Under this was written in Goetz's own hand:

Let the people go, and save me. The plunder of the castle will be rich enough for us. What do we want with their lives? See that the serfs do not kill any, for if they do I shall surely die, and you will be—as I shall—a body without a head.

Diedrich called some of his fellows about him, and explained this letter to them, and as the Freelances, unlike the serfs, fought for plunder rather than revenge, it was agreed that the terms should be granted. So the messenger took back the answer, and half an hour later the drawbridge fell, and the portcullis went up, and the garrison of Schaumburg, with Count Conrad at its head, and with his Countess by his side, came forth in two lines of horse and foot, with the women and children between them.

When the serfs saw them they raised loud cries of rage, and were for falling upon them and making an end of them at once. But the Freelances rode along their front, and beat them back; and the men of the garrison, horse and foot, laughed as they saw this, for they knew that without the Freelances the half-armed peasants could do nothing against them.

The road to Hameln lay along the river bank to the eastward, and from his window in the clock-face Goetz of the Iron Hand could watch the long procession winding slowly round the hill-spurs and in and out of the forest patches, on its slow way towards the distant towers of Hameln. He could also look down, and see his own men and the serf bands gradually drawing in closer, waiting for the hour of plunder to strike. He could see that there was constant strife among them, and that his own men were beating the serfs back, and being in turn thrust forward by them.

Meanwhile the great clock ticked on with its iron monotony. He saw the short hand on the great face climb up towards him, then he lost sight of the end, and then he felt its point cutting slowly into the skin of his neck over his windpipe. Then, just above him, seven strokes on the great bell boomed out, striking his deafened ears like the very notes of doom.

The sun rose higher, and fell hotter and hotter on his face and head. He struggled with the bonds that held him tight between the machinery and the clock-face, but in vain. He screamed hoarsely for water, but old Max stood, hammer in hand, immovable as a figure of stone. Sixty more eternities passed, and again the blade-point scored his throat, and again the deep strokes crashed upon his ears, and the long blade crept upwards a few inches nearer to his neck. Another hour passed, and another, and each time the cut of the blade point and the crash of the bell roused him from the stupor into which he was falling. The long blade, creeping on like the finger of Fate, was very near now, and the fear of death overcame his weariness and even the agony in his head, and he began to think again.

Would his men be able to keep the serfs back till the appointed time? He could hear them shouting and cursing below him still. If they couldn't, the old man, whom he could

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not see, but who he knew was standing so near to him, would break the governing fan, the wheels of the clock would fly round, and a few minutes later the razor-edged blade would be buried in his neck.

Or would Diedrich keep faith with him? What if he should delay the entry into the castle? What if he should kill Max and let the clock go on? The clock struck eleven, and it seemed as though he had been standing there as many years as there had been strokes on the bell. Every act of his life had passed before him again and again. He had lived twenty lifetimes since the clock had struck six. He was nearly blind now, and the long line of the garrison on its way had passed beyond his vision. By this time it would be safe under the walls of Hameln, perhaps even now Count Conrad and Brunhild were feasting in the castle with the Lord and Lady of Hameln. What were Diedrich and his men doing? Had they kept the serfs back? Would twelve o'clock never come and end the hellish torture of this suspense one way or the other?

Yes, the long blade was getting very near now, and his instinct made him bend his head and neck away as far as the hole would let him. But still the clock ticked on, and he could hear the creak of the centre shaft as it turned and brought the blade nearer still.

Old Max stood steadfast at his post, waiting for the last stroke of twelve to stop the clock, as his master had bidden him, and then to meet such fate as might await him. He watched the striking lever rise, and knew that the first stroke of twelve was about to sound. He saw the body of Goetz writhe feebly in its bonds.

One—two—three—four—five—six—. He

The garrison, with Count Conrad at its head, came forth.

put down his hammer and took up the iron bar that he was to thrust into the wheel at the twelfth stroke.

Seven—eight—nine—ten—. A head appeared at the top of the ladder leading to the belfry, and then a hand with a pistol in it. It was the hand of Diedrich of Altenau—. Eleven—. There was a flash, a bang, and a cloud of smoke, and old Max dropped the bar and pitched forward and fell in a heap just as the twelfth stroke sounded. There was a hoarse scream, hardly human in sound, from the outside, and the wheels of the clock ground on, ticking out the last seconds of the life of Goetz of the Iron Hand.

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Photo by Hana.

THE ART OF THE CAMERA

By Geo. M. Walker.

It is not everyone that is gifted with the power of translating into monochrome or colour, by the aid of the pencil or brush, either in a faithful or pleasing manner, any particular object or scene, but there are few that cannot by the aid of the camera obtain records more or less successful, and in many cases far surpassing the crude productions which too often are perpetrated by the would-be artist, who, to quote a well-known American writer, has been spoilt by "ill-advised patting on the back by well-intentioned friends."

And it is this very facility of production which has not only made photography one of the leading hobbies at the present time—has also led to its use by many as a means of artistic expression—but has begotten a crowd of productions which are neither art nor good photographs.

Many deny that a photograph can be artistic, and heap obloquy not only on the man who employs the camera, but also on his pictures, advancing as a proof of their statement that the camera is a machine, and that no mechanically produced picture can be a work of art; that it cannot present individuality, creation, or suggestion. It is, possibly, somewhat too harsh to say that those who advance such arguments are afraid of the photograph, but in many cases it is correct to say that they are ignorant of what "a machine" and "a mechanical process" can do in the hands of one who has true artistic feeling.

Looking back, as we now can in photography, over a period of sixty years since the first sun pictures were taken, it is possible to distinctly trace an ever-growing upward tendency.

In the early days, particularly those known as the decade of the carte-de-visite, it was only too true that the majority of productions were as mechanical, as stiff, and as far from

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any claim to be entitled works of art as anything that one can imagine. These were the days so aptly described by Lewis Carroll in one of his quaint conceits, in which he says:

"First the Governor, the Father:
He suggested velvet curtains
Looped about a massy pillar;
And the corner of a table,
Of a rosewood dining-table.
He would hold a scroll of something,
Hold it firmly in his left hand;
He would keep his right hand buried
(Like Napoleon) in his waistcoat;
He would contemplate the distance
With a look of pensive meaning,
As of ducks that die in tempests."

that strikes one, it is the absence of irritating, distracting accessories, as may be seen from the examples given in this article.

It is, however, to be feared that from ill-advised patting on the back, there is a growing class in photography that claims far too much and therefore brings ridicule upon all photographic work. It is preferable, however, to that class of workers the individuals of which, themselves ignorant of technique, deride those, who, paying attention to the scientific side of photography, have, by the improvements which they have either been the means of introducing or have actually themselves produced, placed greater powers in the artistic worker's hand.

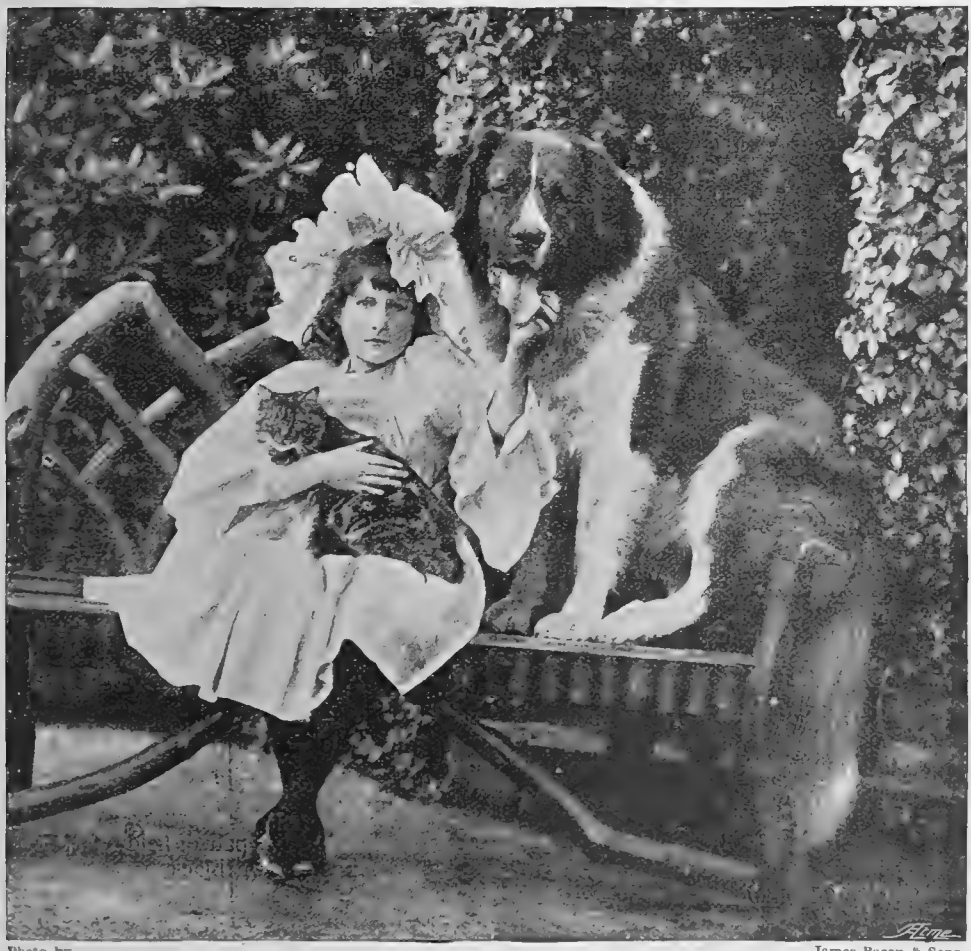

Photo by James Bacon & Sons.

Chums.

At that period one actually did see in hundreds of instances, precisely as here described, the pillar, the looped curtain, and the set attitude; but now take the finest work in portraiture, and if there is one thing more than another

If there is one lesson which recent events in the photographic world have emphasised, it is that photography is purely and simply an art-science: that you cannot separate the two. The modern tendency of the up-to-date

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artistic worker is to boast of his ignorance of technique. He cares naught—or at least says that he cares naught—about the processes by which his pictorial effects are obtained, he wants merely to use the tools, and that is sufficient for him.

This is pretty in theory, but when you come to know these men, know how they work, how eager they are to take advantage of the last advance in any department, one feels how hollow is their prating, how they strive for effect, or as it has been not inaptly put by one of themselves: "Whatever may be said, we do our work well from the business point of view, and every year we produce some sensation to tickle the public palate and act as an appetiser."

On the other hand, there is a big danger, and one that cannot be ignored by those who have the welfare of photography at heart, that he who, totally ignoring the artistic side, spends his life in frittering experiments, too often founded on a basis of empiricism, will eventually do little, if aught, to advance the craft.

It must be remembered that the artist, or possibly, I ought to say, the man who wields the brush or pencil, has to undergo a long and, in some cases, a severe training—severe because it is one that brings in but little grist, and entails an enormous amount of work and disappointment—ere he can hope to show publicly, work which will be admitted as worthy of recognition by the world generally.

He is always studying Nature in her varying moods, the different effects of lighting, and the differentiation of colours under varying illumination; and no matter how advanced his work may be he is always ready to learn a lesson, even from the commonplace, or from his humbler brethren. One cannot but feel that when the photographer takes as much pains, when he recognises how little he knows, how little he can do, we may hope for better things still.

It is true that the artist neither knows nor cares whether his pigments are oxides, carbonates, or any particular compound of any particular metal. He knows them rather from the effects they produce, yet because of his ignorance he does not despise those who do know these facts. It is not essential for the artist to know aught of the chemistry of his colours, because he has merely to deal with results which are not obtained by any chemical process whatever. But in the case of the photographer there is a totally different state of things. Photography is purely and simply the application of certain fixed laws of chemistry and optics; and surely we may argue that the man who knows the same can intelligently apply and obtain better results, than he who is utterly ignorant of the said laws.

When we have in photography a training as strict as is at the present time insisted upon for artists, when photographers are taught the principles of art as rigidly as the budding artist of the present day, we shall have not only better work, but a class of men who, recognising the limitations of the process they employ, will be less arrogant, less self-seeking, and more tolerant of the criticism of those who know better than themselves.

In the old days, conscious of the inherent shortcomings, the operator strained every nerve to obtain a microscopic delineation which is utterly unknown in the world of painting, if possibly we except Messionier. Now the pendulum has swung to the other extreme, and we have so-called impressionistic photographs, which leave much to the imagination of the observer.

The story is told of a well known art critic going the round of a recent photographic exhibition with a prominent exhibitor, and warmly congratulating him on the fine composition of his picture, on the correct drawing of his clouds. "Ah!" says the critic, "see how well that light road leads the eye into the middle distance where the horizon is so charmingly broken by that cluster of farm buildings, and to break what might be monotonous note those dark bushes on the right of the road. I congratulate you, sir, on your picture."

The photographer, and those who heard him, are not quite sure even at the present time whether the art critic was serious or merely chaffing, for the dusty road was supposed to be a stream, the farmhouses were rocks, and the dark bushes cattle.

The great simplicity and absence of messy operations in photography of the present day has brought an enormous accession to the ranks of the dilettanti who, roaming all over the world with a camera, which sometimes takes the form of a pair of field glasses, at others the well known black box, which can be carried for miles, with sufficient sensitive material for a hundred exposures, without the slightest strain on the muscles, return home with probably not ten per cent. of good photographs and not two per cent. of pictures. It is this class that presses the button and leaves others to do the rest; that soon tires of photography because the results are so unsatisfactory. It is the fatal tempta-

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Photo by Lascelles.

A VILLAGE BELLE.

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tion of having a very large number of films or plates for exposure, which leads the user to photograph anything and everything, irrespective of the pictorial possibilities of the subject.

Few amateurs of the present day have the slightest conception of the amount of work which, in the old times, a day's outing entailed, or the care, the worry, and the precautions that had to be taken to avoid failures. We used to work in a room with the floor flooded with water, the shelves all freshly wiped with a wet cloth, and with as little superfluous clothing on as possible in order to avoid dust on the plates. The impedimenta that we had to take about was more than one man could carry, and the use of the wet collodion process necessitated the wheeling about of a portable dark tent, such as is often seen now used by the peripatetic or beach photographer.

One very great advantage which the present day photography possesses is the enormously increased power which perfection of the apparatus and materials employed has placed in the hands of the operator. Let us take, for example, the illustration of the dancing girl, or even the group of figures which we might entitle "The Morning's Catch" or "Selling the Catch." I do not say that such would not have been possible in the past, but they were the exceptions. Now they are within the reach of anyone who cares to do them.

Old photographers will well remember that it was even possible to take instantaneous photographs on the daguerreotype plate, that with the introduction of the wet, the dry, and the collodion emulsion processes excellent work, with comparatively short exposures, was done. But this work was done by the very few. The men who attained eminence in those days stood forth as giants, but now the giants are few, if any, and those who would claim this distinction, attain it rather by meretricious and claptrap advertisement than by solid honest work. It is the fatal facility of the present-day photography, when everything is prepared for the worker, that has increased the class of worker who by a fluke, makes a happy shot and then poses as a "Sir Oracle." Moreover, materials are wonderfully cheap, and instruction easy to obtain.

Were photography as difficult as many of

Photo by Sutcliff.

King Winter.

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Photo by Lascelles.

AN EASTERN DANCER.

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Photo by Sutcliffe.

Selling the Catch.

the other graphic arts we should hear less of it, but we should have more original work and more work that would live in the future. Want of originality is not unknown in the world of painters. One finds certain schools, the members of which are practically more or less parrot-like in their ways, in that they copy the style, the tricks, the schemes of their master or masters; but this is painfully apparent in photography, and it is no unusual thing to find that because one man happens to have made a hit with one particular class of subject, there are scores that will follow him. I will venture to take a familiar example—Conway Castle. A few years back someone, whose name is, fortunately for him, lost in oblivion, showed an extremely successful print of this place from one particular point of view, and so common did this particular picture become, that it has actually been jeered out of the photographic world, and at the present time the man who dares to show a similar print is a *rara avis*.

Now we have not Conway, the Fairy Glen, or other well-known spot, but we have a school, that following in the footsteps of a man who has long since seen the hollowness of photography in this respect, treats us to impossible skies, obtrusive foregrounds, and bizarre effects that no artist would ever paint, and no man ever saw. One of their leading workers himself showed, some two years ago, the composite print and its constituent parts —the latter as the camera saw them, and fairly true to Nature. But the final print was neither the one thing nor the other—it was not Nature, it was not Art.

The want of originality in some who dabble in photography is well proved by a story which I once heard told of a certain well-known medallist. The scene of the tale is laid in the smoking-room of a certain club. On the walls were hanging a large number of pictures by one man. In front of the fire sat three men—one, the photographer who was exhibiting all the prints in the room; another the well known medallist aforesaid; the third, my informant. Well Known Medallist *(loquitur)*: "By-the-bye, Smith, I know where you took your famous picture of 'Chalk Heaps' that's hanging there; here's one I took at the same place." "Ah!" said Smith, "how did you find it out?" "Well, I knew you had been down in Somerset, so I made enquiries where there were chalk heaps in the district, and went down there," said the

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Photo by W. & D. Downey.

QUITE A TRIUMPH IN THE WAY OF BUBBLES.

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W. K. M. "Quite so," said Smith, "but, unfortunately for you, my picture was taken 300 miles from Somerset."

Take up any photographic journal you like almost, and you will find the most explicit instructions where to go, what to photograph, and the particular hour of the day, and the particular spot, in some cases, where to plant the camera. This being the case, can you expect originality?

A personal experience which befell me this summer on my wanderings on the South Coast is not without point anent this subject. I had drifted into a sleepy, old world, cathedral town rather by accident than choice, for I had desired a holiday, and chose the, if not quieter, at least less thickly-populated places where one can get fresh air unadulterated by coal smoke. However, finding myself in the town, through the misreading of the local time-table, I thought I ought to see the cathedral and possibly take one photograph of it. Armed, therefore, with a camera I "did" the cathedral in the ordinary sense; I heard how this part was built by someone, that somebody else was buried here, that there the spire had fallen in and killed a workman, and that somewhere else was some fourteenth century glass; interesting, no doubt, all of it to the tripper, but I knew the dates of the architecture as well as the courteous, though somewhat parrot-like garrulous custodian or verger; as to the rest it was verbiage that had little or no interest. But I did discover one choice bit that I particularly wanted to photograph, and, having gained permission from the Bishop returned to my find, and having set up my camera proceeded to work. But alas, here too, I found that "what everybody else did" was prevalent, for an officious verger gravely and noiselessly stole up to me in his black gown and gravely and solemnly informed me that everyone photographed the south-west corner of the south side aisle because the style of architecture was unique. That it was unique I did not know, that everybody photographed it I did know, for I had seen numerous prints of just that particular corner—it is a pet subject, and now utterly hackneyed. Here we have a case of even the outsider, totally ignorant of photography, trying to enforce the hateful precept that what others have done you must do.

Photo by J. B. Pettigrew.

Go!

There is hardly a field that is open to the photographer that is so rich in results as the study of human life in the streets. It requires, however, some discrimination, a cool nerve, and, above all, avoidance of the vulgar.

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In the early days of the hand, or, as it was then called, the detective camera, too many strove merely to obtain the unusual and the vulgar, so that the hand camera gradually fell into a disrepute it has not even yet outgrown.

There is, however, a very strong reaction amongst photographers against such work, and the hand camera is now utilised for the making of pictures rather than for the pure snapshotting of everything and anything. The hand camera has become the useful servant of the globe trotter, the explorer, and the war correspondent, and there is undoubtedly a growing preference for the use of small cameras, and subsequent enlargement of the resulting negative.

Tahitian Musicians and Dancers

Their chief musical instruments are the flute and the drum. The latter has the upper end covered with shark skin.

The value of photography to the artist cannot be denied, and those who make use of it intelligently have a good servant. Some few years ago I was the constant companion of one of our leading artists, an R.A., who is now unfortunately dead, and many a jaunt we had in search of studies—old barges, rusty anchors and chains. Such was my work, whilst with a few touches he himself made a record of the colour. The slavish copying of a photograph was as far from his mind as it was possible, but he fully recognised the value of photography as a means of rapidly and accurately recording a subject which might be useful for his work at some future time.

The work of the painter, the etcher, or engraver, is totally distinct from that of the photographer; yet both should lead to the same end, namely, a cultivation of the love of the beautiful, increased powers of observation, and a closer acquaintance with the too often ignored beauties of nature. They need not be antagonistic to one another, and that there can be pictorial feeling, individuality and sentiment in photographs will be seen by the numerous examples which will from time to time appear in these pages.

The faculty is not vouchsafed to every artist to remember accurately the various scraps of lovely scenery he may chance upon. At the moment he recognises that he has met that of which he was in search or that which will probably prove invaluable as a setting to a picture he is in process of creating. The snapshot becomes a shorthand note, a memorandum, as it were, and apart altogether from any artistic merit in itself will prove at all times a reminder to the artist of the outline of the scene. Its loveliness of colour, of light, and of shade are not there, but it is at that very point that the art of the artist steps in.

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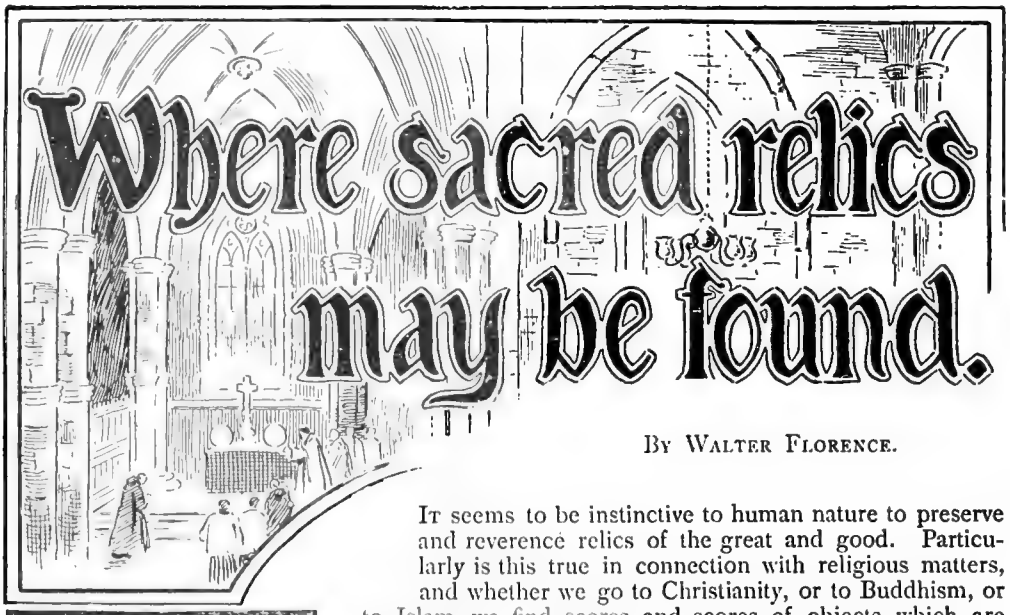
Where sacred relics may be found.

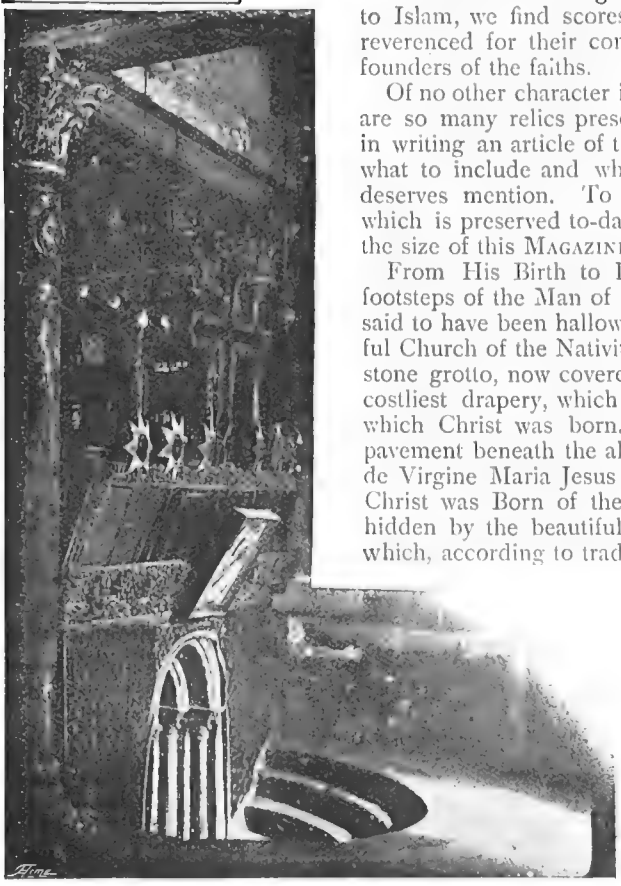


By Walter Florence.

It seems to be instinctive to human nature to preserve and reverence relics of the great and good. Particularly is this true in connection with religious matters, and whether we go to Christianity, or to Buddhism, or to Islam, we find scores and scores of objects, which are reverenced for their connection, supposed or real, with the founders of the faiths.

Of no other character in history, whether sacred or secular, are so many relics preserved as of our Lord Himself, and in writing an article of this kind it is really difficult to know what to include and what to omit, so much is there that deserves mention. To describe every relic of the Saviour which is preserved to-day would need a volume ten times the size of this Magazine.

From His Birth to His Ascension we may follow the footsteps of the Man of Galilee by visiting the many places said to have been hallowed by His presence. In the beautiful Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem is shown a curious stone grotto, now covered with the choicest marbles and the costliest drapery, which is claimed to be the very spot upon which Christ was born. A large silver star let into the pavement beneath the altar bears the Latin inscription "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus Natus est"—"Here Jesus Christ was Born of the Virgin Mary." In the grotto, but hidden by the beautiful marble coverings, is the manger in which, according to tradition, the Infant Saviour was laid by His mother when no room could be found for them in the inn.



The Manger in which Christ was Laid.
It is kept in a grotto, which is the very place where Christ was born.

Our illustration of the manger is from a photograph which has, we believe, never before been published.

Another relic, which is said to have been associated with the infant life of our Lord, is jealously treasured in a church of Southern Italy. It is nothing less than the pap-spoon and dish used by the Virgin Mary in feeding her holy Babe. The spoon

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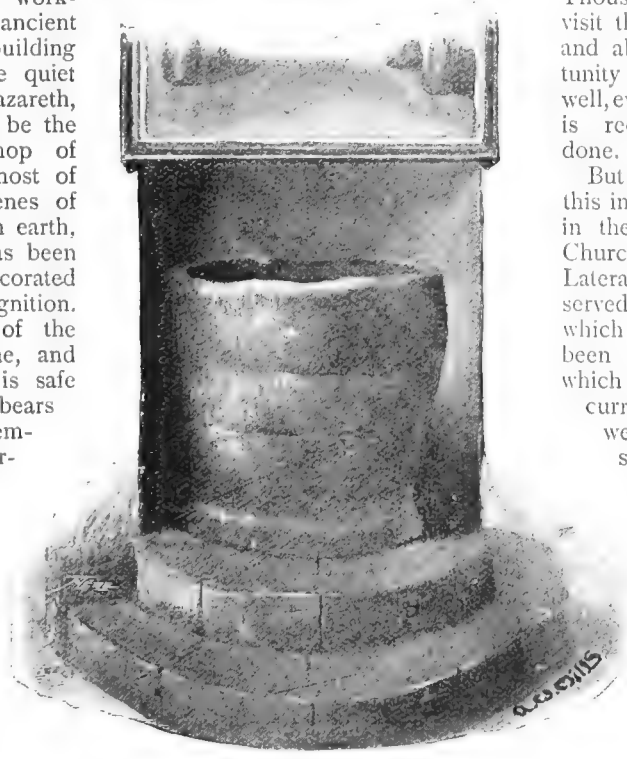
and dish are never shown to the public, and it is, therefore, impossible to give any idea of their appearance.

Very little is said in the Bible about the boyhood of Christ, and the few traditions found in other records are so vague as to be received as accurate by nobody. One fact, however, stands out prominently, and that is that the Divine Boy was "subject" to His parents. He obeyed them in every detail as no son ever obeyed his parents before or since, and, we may believe that He took a large share of the labours in His father's workshop. A very ancient and interesting building is shown in the quiet little town of Nazareth, which is said to be the identical workshop of Joseph. Like most of the different scenes of our Lord's life on earth, the workshop has been restored and decorated out of all recognition. The old form of the building is gone, and as it stands it is safe to say that it bears little, if any, resemblance to its former self.



The Water Pot of Cana.

This jar held some of the water that Christ turned to wine at the marriage at Cana.

One of the earliest incidents, which we have recorded of our Lord's ministry, is the turning of the water into wine at Cana in Galilee. On the site of the house, where the marriage is said to have taken place, stands a Greek Church, and its greatest treasure is an old earthenware pot, which, it is claimed, is one of the vessels used by our Lord for His first miracle. Above the jar is a beautiful painting of the incident referred to, and a golden lamp, which hangs near the spot, throws a perpetual light upon the earthenware vessel.

Another well-known incident in the life of Christ was His encounter with the woman of Samaria. It will be remembered that being weary, He sat upon the well, to which, a few moments later, a woman came from the adjacent city of Sychar. A long conversation followed, which finally resulted in the conversion, not only of the woman, but of many of the Samaritans. A watering place near the site of ancient Sychem or Shechem is pointed out as the well referred to in the Bible. It has a rugged stone approach, and is in a very dilapidated condition. The actual cistern is about 80ft. deep, but although in the rainy season it fills rapidly, the well often runs dry in the summer. Thousands of pilgrims visit this spot annually, and all take the opportunity of sitting by the well, even as our Saviour is recorded to have done.

But there is a rival to this interesting relic, for in the cloisters of the Church of St. John Lateran at Rome is preserved another well, which is said to have been the one around which the incident occurred. It is a stone well in splendid preservation, and of a very different character to that which is seen to day near Sychem.

The well of St. John Lateran is said to have been brought from the Holy Land by the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great. There is no doubt about its antiquity, but much difference of opinion exists as to its identity with the Well of Samaria. Its form is hardly that of an Eastern city's watering place.

A number of other relics of our Lord's ministry are preserved in different churches of Europe. In one place is said to be a piece of the hem of the garment which was touched with healing effect by the suffering woman at Bethsaida. In another church is a lock of woman's hair, said to have belonged

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The Well of Samaria.

It stands in the cloisters of the Church of St. John Lateran, at Rome, and was brought from Jerusalem by the Empress Helena.

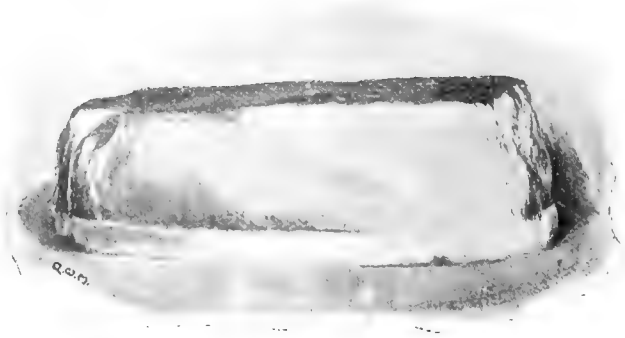
to Mary Magdalen, and with which she wiped our Lord's feet, as recorded in the Gospels. In other churches may be found a tooth of the Saviour, a piece of His beard, and a small phial containing one of the tears which He shed upon hearing of the death of Lazarus. Another curious relic is a leg of the ass upon which Jesus rode in triumph to Jerusalem.

In the Church of Salvator, connected with the old Benedictine Abbey at Trèves, are preserved a pair of leather sandals which are said to have been worn by our Lord. They are greatly treasured, as being the only relics of their kind in the world. The sandals, which consist of fine, soft leather, of a brownish-yellow colour, are kept in a magnificently be-jewelled casket of priceless worth. The sandals themselves bear no resemblance to their former appearance, for they have been gilded and adorned with precious stones till they are themselves beyond value, even intrinsically.

But it is in connection with the Passion of our Lord that so many relics are preserved to-day. The Chapel of the Table, as its name partly indicates, is a building in which is preserved what claims to be the table of the Last Supper. The tradition which associates the large block of hard chalk in the chapel with the most noted meal of history dates back only to the seventeenth century; but although its authenticity rests only upon such slender ground, large numbers of pilgrims visit the Table annually and pray before it. The Chapel of the Table, which belongs to the Latins, was erected in 1861.

The chalice used at the Last Supper, which is sometimes identified with the Holy Graal of mediæval poets is claimed to be in the possession of the Cathedral of Valencia, in Spain. Another cup, said to have been the famous relic, was formerly treasured by the Genoese. But it was taken to Paris in 1816, and was broken during its removal. It was of green glass, hexagonal in form, and had two handles.

The mocking of the Saviour by the Roman soldiers, which is so fully described in the Sacred Writings, has given occasion for a large number of relics. The Crown of Thorns no longer exists as a whole, but



The Table of the Last Supper.

It is a large block of hard chalk.

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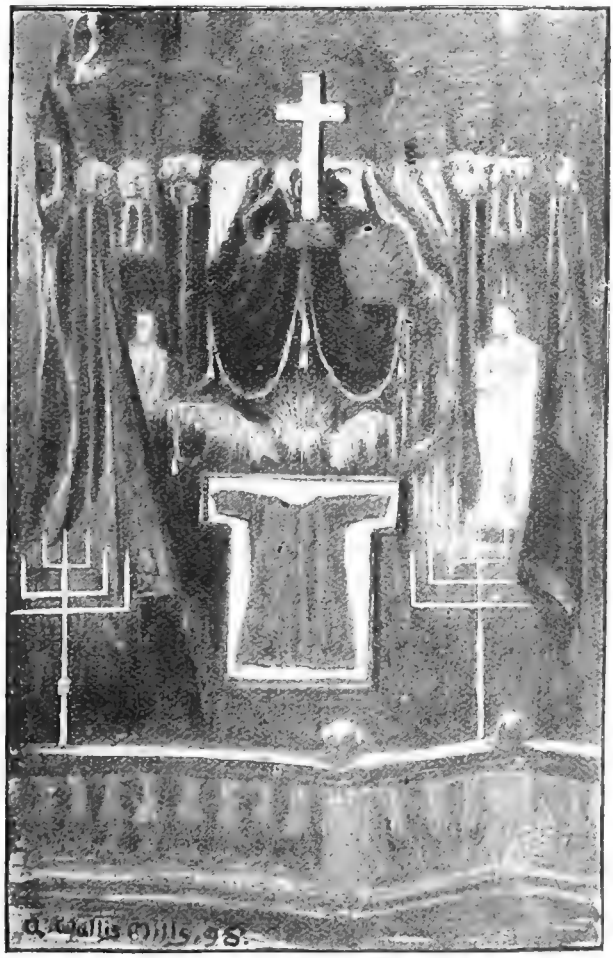
many churches and individuals claim to have fragments of this Crown. In the Hotel de Cluny, Paris, is a ring containing a small part of one of the thorns, and a complete thorn, which is said to have formed part of the Saviour's Crown, was recently on exhibition at the British Museum, where it was placed on loan by the owner for a short period. It is hardly necessary to mention that the thorn is magnificently mounted. It reposes in a locket, consisting of the two halves of an amethyst opening upon a hinge of gold. On the interior of one lid of the locket are two pictures of the Crucifixion enamelled in gold. A tiny golden crown surmounts the thorn. In addition to the two thorns already mentioned, no fewer than one hundred and three churches claim to possess parts of the true Crown.

The reed put into Christ's hand as a mock sceptre is also said to exist to-day, but not as a whole. Portions of the reed are shown in Florence; in the Church of St. Julian, at Lungarde; in the Convent of Andeschs, in Bavaria; and in the Convent of Watoped, on Mount Athos. Curiously enough, no church or religious establishment claims to possess any portion of the reed upon which the sponge was raised to the dying Saviour's lips. This is strange, in view of the fact that fragments of the sponge are shown at St. Jacques de Compiege, St. Sylvester, St. John de Lateran, St. Maris Maggiore, St. Mary in Transtevere, St. Mark and St. Mary in Compitelli, all in Rome. Then again, the purple robe with which Christ was arrayed is said to be in Moscow, and this brings us to what is perhaps the most famous of all the various relics of Christ, the Holy Coat of Trèves.



The Holy Coat of Trèves.

It is made of a brown material, and has been lined with silk to hold it together.

It was last on exhibition in 1891, and then created much discussion and controversy all over the world. Forty-six years had elapsed since the coat was previously exposed to popular gaze, and naturally the occasion became one of great importance to the whole of Catholic Europe. To give its history from the time when it was said to have been discovered by St. Helena would fill a volume, and, indeed, a volume has been written, dealing with the history of the coat. It is about four feet six inches in length, the back being a trifle longer than the front; the width at the chest is twenty-seven inches, whilst at the bottom it is about three feet and a half.

The material, which is dull brown in colour, is very ancient, and is utterly unlike anything manufactured nowadays; some have compared it to fine wool, others to silk, and others again to crèpe. The exterior has at some time or other been covered with a rich Oriental damask, but

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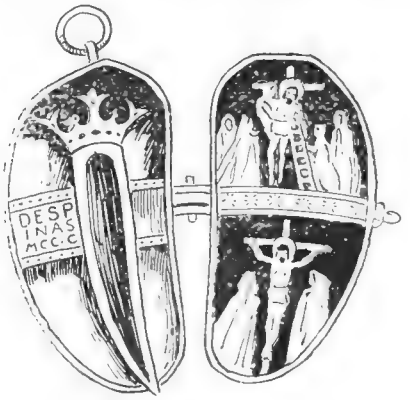
this is long since worn away and nothing but an indication of its former presence remains. Inside there is a lining of light brown silk,



A Thorn from the Crown of Thorns, set in an amethyst and mounted in gold.

added to preserve the relic from dropping to pieces through old age. On the rare occasions when the coat is exposed to view, it is hung upon a rod passed through the two sleeves, and is suspended immediately above the high altar. The relic is kept in an air-tight case with a thick plate glass front, and from this it is never removed.

One of the few pieces of the Cross which are mounted so as to be seen.

Only three expositions of this coat have taken place in the present century; the first was in 1810, when a hundred thousand people passed through the cathedral; the second was in 1844, when the number of pilgrims exceeded a million; and in 1890, the first exhibition after railway travelling had become anything like general, when the numbers exceeded all that had formerly been known.

The Holy Robe of Argenteuil is said to have been bought from the soldier to whose lot it fell, and carried by a disciple to a town in Galatia, where it was carefully packed in a wooden box. After a series of vicissitudes, in which it was taken in turn to Jaffa, Persia, Jerusalem and Constantinople, it finally found a resting-place in Argenteuil, the Emperor Charlemagne having presented it to the church after receiving it as a present from the Empress Irene of Constantinople. The coat is of goat's hair or camel's hair, and is very finely woven, so as to look almost like fine canvas.

Of the cross, which is said to have been discovered by St. Helena in A.D. 326, there are fragments in all parts of the world. It is the most sacred relic which the Catholic Church treasures. But usually these fragments are encased in golden shrines, and are quite invisible to the ordinary man. One cross relic, however, that in St. Patrick's Cathedral, in New York, is so arranged, that the wood which claims to be a portion of the true cross can be plainly seen.

A crucifix containing a fragment of the Cross.

Another piece of the true cross is said to be encased in an ancient cross in one of the Dublin Museums. The story of the discovery of the cross by the Empress Helena is too well-known to need recapitulation. It is said that with the cross she found a thin tablet $3\frac{1}{2}$ft. long by 1ft. wide, bearing the inscription composed by Pilate. The letters were cut into the wood and painted red.

The Tablet at the top of the Cross. It was accidentally found at Rome in a leaden case, after having been lost.

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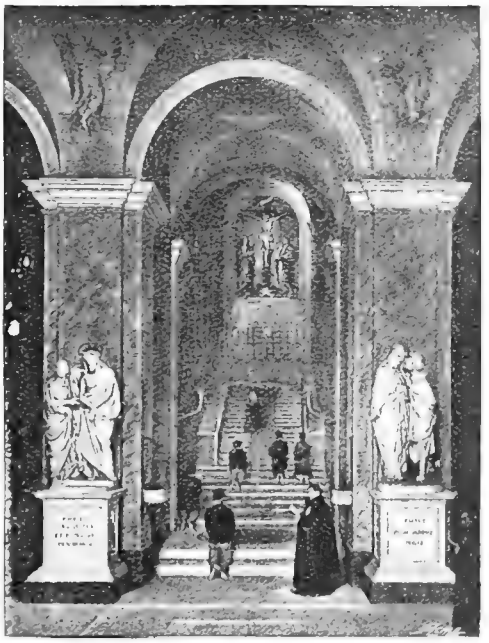
This relic, an illustration of which is given on this page, is preserved at the Church of Santa Croce, at Rome.

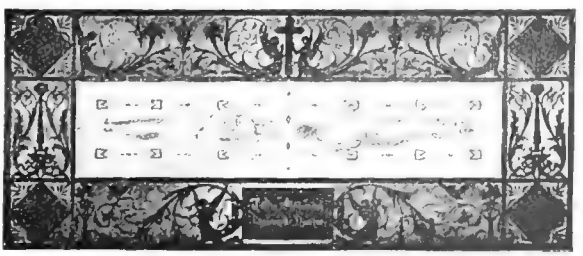
At Rome, also, is to be seen the *Sancta Scala*, or Holy Staircase, up which our Lord is recorded to have been led to Pilate's Judgment Hall. This is another of the relics brought to Europe by the Empress Helena in A.D. 326, when it was deposited in the Church of St. John Lateran. The well-known practice of mounting these stairs on one's knees was instituted in the ninth century by Pope Leo IV., but after a time the stairs became so worn that they were encased in wood, and have remained so ever since.



The Staircase from the House of Pontius Pilate.
Christ was led up it to the Judgment Hall.

Another very famous relic, which has created a good deal of discussion lately, is the Holy Winding Sheet at Turin. It was in this sheet that our Lord was wrapped immediately before his burial. It is an oblong piece of soft white material, and is stretched in a huge frame of gilt, elaborately decorated. The narrative runs that Nicodemus, a secret disciple of our Lord, possessed himself of the sheet, and gave it to his uncle Gamaliel, from whom it afterwards passed to the Christians, and finally found a resting place in Turin.

A remarkable fact about this sheet is that it was recently photographed, and when the negative was developed the form of a man was faintly outlined upon the sheet. This feature was quite new to the ecclesiastical authorities, for, although the sheet always bore some faint, red-dish-brown stains, no resemblance to the human form had ever been traced in them. We are able to publish a photograph of the Holy Winding Sheet, and the figure upon it can be seen distinctly.



Christ's Winding Sheet.
When it was recently photographed the form of a man was found to be outlined on it

Many churches claim to possess some of the grave clothes of our Lord, and also the nails which pierced His hands and His feet. Then, again, the spear which pierced His side is said to be preserved in the Basilica of St. Peter's, at Rome. It is simply a shaft, the head, which was at Paris, having been lost during the troublous times of the great Revolution.

An interesting relic connected with the death and burial of our Lord is the Stone of Anointment, preserved in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is said that upon this stone the body of Jesus was laid for its anointment prior to burial. The stone is a red marble slab, about 9ft. long and 4ft. wide. One of the most curious facts in connection with this relic, is that many of the millions of pilgrims, who annually visit and kiss it, measure the stone, so that they may have their own winding sheets made the same length as the Saviour's.

The last great relic which we shall refer to is, perhaps, regarded as the most interesting of all. It is the Tomb of our Lord; but here, again, we are confronted with serious differences of opinion. The most famous site of the Sepulchre is that in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, to which tradition has pointed for centuries. Little of the rocky cavern can now be seen, for the whole has been surmounted by a gorgeous chapel, probably the richest building

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The Stone of Anointment.
Pilgrims have their winding sheets made the same length.

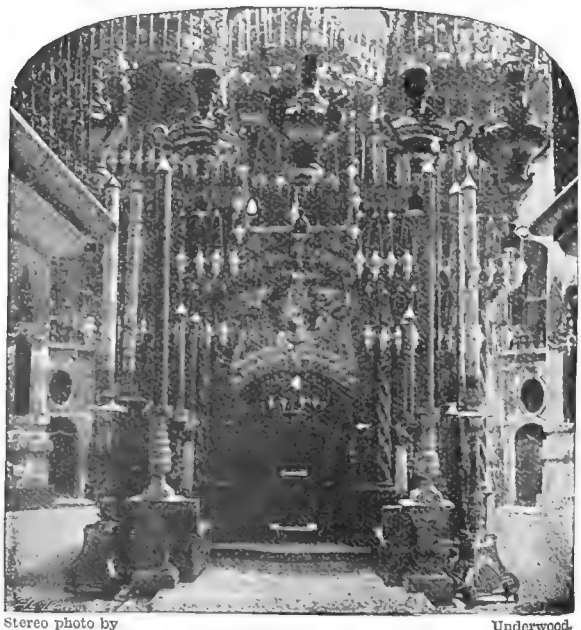
of its kind in the world. Upon it have the faithful showered their offerings for centuries, and its present appearance is certainly not that of a sepulchre. Six huge candles, in golden stands, burn before the entrance to the tomb, beside a number of smaller ones; and myriads of golden lamps, studded with rare jewels, burn above and all round the Chapel of the Sepulchre.

Until some twenty years ago this was the only spot which laid any claim to be the Sepulchre of our Lord; but during his travels in the Holy Land the late General Gordon made a discovery. By reading the accounts of our Lord's burial in the Scriptures, and comparing the facts there stated with local topography, he came to the conclusion that another sepulchre which he had unearthed was the true tomb of our Lord. It corresponded in every way, as he declared, with the description in the Bible. It was in a garden, and was evidently a "new tomb," from the fact that there were others on either side which were in course of construction, and had never been completed.

This tomb, discovered by General Gordon, is regarded as the actual scene of our Lord's burial by Protestants, who gather in large numbers from time to time, and hold religious services. The Latins, Greeks, Armenians, and Copts, on the other hand, look upon the shrine in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre as the true tomb, and they worship there.

In the Chapel of the Angels, one of the buildings within the precincts of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, is a square slab of stone standing upon a pedestal, and bearing an inscription. This is said to be a portion of the stone which "was rolled away from the Sepulchre" when the women came to visit the grave of our dead Lord.

The veneration of sacred relics affords scope for interesting reflection. There can be no question but that the human mind is readily influenced by the sight of that which was actually used or handled by any historic individual. Vividly as the mind may fashion an image of, say, the Great Redeemer Himself, the sight of some portion of His wearing apparel affects the mind, by the mere power of association, more effectually than an abundance of reading or oral teaching. The priesthood of practically



Stereo photo by Underwood.

The Holy Sepulchre.
It is a rocky cavern hidden by the wonderful chapel above it.

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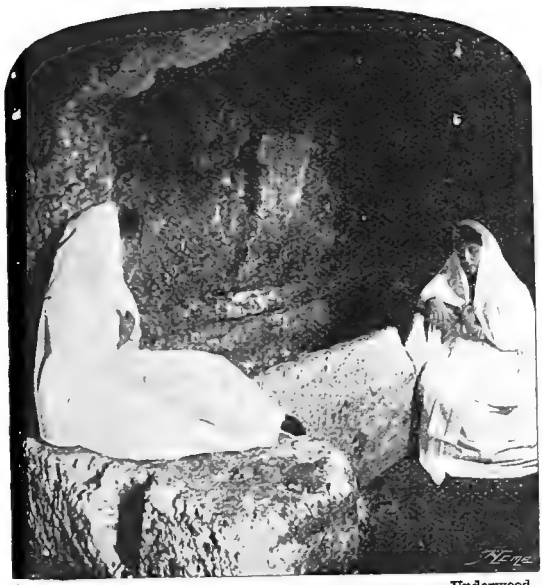

Stereo-photo by Underwood.

"Gordon's" Holy Sepulchre.

This Sepulchre was discovered by General Gordon, and believed by him to be the real burial-place of Christ.

every religion in the world has fully appreciated this, and consequently we find in most creeds the veneration of relics, whether it is the Tooth of Buddha preserved with the utmost reverence and care in Ceylon, or such Christian relics as those to which we have referred.

Glancing at the historic aspect of the veneration of sacred relics we realise that it was from the fourth to the sixteenth century that they exercised the supremest influence on the Christian communities of the world. All that was great, chivalrous and noble in mankind was at times called forth to the end of preserving and protecting sacred relics from desecration by barbarians and infidels.

So much so was this that the history of some relics may almost be said to be the history of more than one war. One instance may be given in that of the capture of Jerusalem by the Persians in 614 and the carrying away of the true Cross. Fourteen years later the Emperor Heraclius, after a series of brilliant campaigns, regained possession of the sacred relic, and in 629 it was solemnly restored to the Christian world, and once more set up in Jerusalem. It may be added, as a curious fact, that the Persians, during their possession of the Cross, kept it unharmed, not even breaking the seals of the case in which it was enclosed.

Sadly enough whilst the veneration of sacred relics begot much that was best in men, it nevertheless was responsible for much that was evil. The desire of communities and monasteries to possess relics soon grew beyond even an appreciation of what was honest. That which could not be bought, and the traffic in spurious relics attained vast proportions, was as often as not stolen, and it was by no means uncommon for one monastery to wage a marauding campaign on a neighbouring one for the sake of some coveted relic.

With the Reformation there came a huge reaction, and, whilst the veneration of sacred relics forms a prominent feature of the Catholic Church of to-day, the abuses of the Middle Ages have vanished for ever. How far such relics may be genuine is not, of course, a matter that comes within our province to discuss.

Stereo-photo by Underwood.

In the Chapel of the Angels.

A portion of the stone which was rolled away from the Sepulchre.

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THE BROWN FROCK

By Percy Rudd.

At the period of which I write I was a lieutenant attached to the Court of Alexander Nikolaiovitch, Emperor of all the Russias, who was subsequently foully done to death on the very threshold of his brother's palace. All the world is acquainted with the story of this assassination, and of others that had been previously attempted upon the life of a ruler whose only fault was an ill-advised generosity; but it has been left for me, Stepan Kerdrof, an exile from my country and forgotten of my friends, to tell of a plot that surpassed all these in the ingenuity and daring of its conception.

* * * *

My first meeting with the Princess Lidi Briansky was the beginning of a great many things that came upon us all with bewildering swiftness. The Princess was an orphan, and lived at a large house on the Nevsky Prospect. She numbered among her friends many Court dignitaries, but it was said that I surpassed them all in the regularity of my visits. I will pass over the details of these visits, for who am I, that I should attempt to tell of what experience alone can teach? Let it suffice that I learned to love, and not without success.

It was shortly after the announcement of my engagement to the Princess that the green-eyed monster, as your Shakespeare calls him, drew me into his grip. Lidi had, on several nights, forbidden me to go and see her, saying that she was engaged in other business. The nature of this business she obstinately refused to reveal, so I set myself to find out what my conscience told me I ought not to know.

From the servants I learned that, when I was forbidden the house, their mistress went out always alone. There their knowledge ended. I had to fill in the blanks as best I could. Disguised as a *mushik*, I followed her one night from the glare of the Nevsky into the dim seclusion of the Bolshia Sadovae, and thence, by a succession of byeways, to the squalid Nicholisky Pereulock. Here she turned off down a dark and narrow passage, with me still stepping silently in her footsteps. We came to a door upon which she rapped three times, swiftly and clearly. In a second the door had opened, and, acting on a sudden resolution, I boldly crossed the threshold. She started when she heard me, and bowed stiffly.

"Monsieur has silent feet," she said.

"And strange features," added the old hag who had let us in, peering savagely up into my face. "Perhaps he will give us the sign?"

A new light dawned upon me, and with it an inkling of the truth. I began to understand the danger of my position.

"To you I will give nothing," I said, with a fine air of contempt, "the Princess Briansky will have the sign from my lips, and shall be satisfied."

Lidi had started at the sound of my voice, which was purposely ill-concealed.

"You know me?" she queried.

"How well I can satisfy you," I answered, "if there are no other ears."

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She signed to the woman to withdraw. I noted that we stood in a spacious hall, with no other inlet for daylight than a couple of unhandsome skylights, and devoid of any kind of furniture. On the left was a small door, by which the hag had departed, and which I presumed led to her apartments; on the right was a short corridor terminated by another door.

"Perhaps you will explain your presence in this place?" I said to her, forgetfully, when we were alone.

"By what right do you presume to question me, sir?" she asked, indignantly.

"Who has more right than he who will call himself your husband?"

Then it was she remembered where she had heard that voice before, and the awakening came on her with such suddenness that she staggered back, and her face went red and white by turns. For a second there was a struggle within herself; then love had conquered, for her arms were around my neck, her head upon my shoulder.

"Perhaps Monsieur will give us the sign?"

"Oh! Stepan," she sobbed, "why have you done this thing? Why have you followed me here?"

I remembered the object of my quest, and spoke sternly. "I have come to kill your lover."

She looked up smilingly through her tears. "*Nu*, Stepan, you are too young to die. I have no lover, no king but you. You would not kill yourself?" Then, becoming more serious, she went on: "But you are in danger here. You must go. Come, I will let you out."

"I do not go alone," I said.

"*Nu*, I cannot, must not go with you. I have work, hateful work to do. Why will you not trust me? Why do you not believe? See," she said, impulsively, pointing down the corridor, "there are men in there—men who hold their lives in their own hands. They would kill you just as they might crush a fly on the window-pane. Now will you go?"

The truth had come upon me by degrees, and I showed no emotion of surprise. I realised my danger, but love for the woman who stood by my side held me, so that I hesitated.

There were three sharp raps on the outer door, and, on the left, I could hear the returning hobble of the old woman.

"You see," I said, with affected carelessness, "I have gone too far in this to retreat now."

Lidi shook herself free from my embrace, and I saw the muscles of her features tighten. She surveyed me rapidly, and then motioned me to follow. Her hand was on the door-knob at the end of the corridor when she spoke.

"You go in here as one of us. The issue of this adventure will depend upon your own good sense."

I bowed an assent, and we entered.

It was a long, narrow room, furnished in a profusion of luxuriance contrasting strangely with the bareness without. A table covered with dark-blue cloth, on which were spread a number of documents and plans, ran nearly the whole length of it; around it were seated some twenty people, talking in agitated whispers. Many of the faces were new to me, but I recognised the Countess Bonina, General Winowski, and a German count, well known at Court, whom I had also met at the Princess Briansky's house. As I looked round this strange company I saw revealed many things that had hitherto been mysteries. In my dilemma I even drew consolation from

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the fact that there were others of rank and power who shared the misguided opinions of her who was to be my wife—for I told myself that nothing in the world should take her from me.

The Princess introduced me as an Englishman who was "wanted" by the secret police, and upon whom necessity had thus forced a disguise. We had hardly taken our places with the rest, when the door again opened, and the man, whose knock had forced me to this extremity, entered. I was surprised to find

"Sisters and brothers," he said, "the time draws near. To-morrow night the Emperor will play at cards. Winowski, Levin, and Kerdrof will play with him. I have here that which will enable me to play a different game in his room close by. It will be a game of life and death."

An audible murmur ran round the room, and, though I dared not look, I instinctively felt that Lidi shuddered. The Captain was holding a large bottle of chloroform in his hand, and of a sudden it came to my mind

It was a long, narrow room.

that it was Lukitch, my immediately superior officer in the service of the Emperor. Assuredly the plot was thickening.

A silence fell upon the group when Lukitch shouted a boisterous good evening and threw off his heavy cloak. It was evident that some important news was expected. He sat down at the head of the table, remained a second or two as if in thought, and then his rich, melodious voice deposed the stillness that had reigned before.

that he had the reputation of a clever scientist. His next words were quite in accordance with such a view.

"This is a drug," he said, showing us a small white packet, "of which I dare not even tell you the name. It is sufficient that it is cunningly compounded, so as to destroy the sense of smell. I have already told you that the Emperor will play cards to-morrow night, and that our friend Winowski will be amongst those who play with him. During

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the game the Emperor will drink wine—the drug is soluble in wine—and when it is over he must not smell so much as a flower's scent. My General, I commit this packet to your care. You understand?"

Winowski's face was set and hard. He bowed without sign of emotion.

Lukitch continued: "The Emperor will go to his room, where, you will remember, I shall have preceded him. He will take up the little brown frock he loves so well, and with which I and this bottle shall have had previous acquaintance. In the morning he will be found dead. The doctors will call it 'cardiac failure.'"

He looked round the room as if to seek for signs of approval. His eyes fell upon me.

"*Bozhe moï!*" he cried, jumping to his feet, and walking quickly towards me. "Whom have we here?"

Lidi told him, as she had told the others.

He peered keenly into my face, and I thought I saw him start.

"It is well!" he said, going back to his seat. "He may be of use."

I breathed more freely. But Lukitch had strode past his chair, and swung round on his heel, with his back to the door.

"Friends," he said, "we are honoured. I am not the only attaché of the Emperor's household who is here to-night. There is one who is a spy amongst us."

A sharp little cry broke from the Princess, and she fell back in a faint. I saw that the game was going against me. Lukitch held the trumps.

"Just as you are a spy in the Emperor's household!" I retaliated.

The dart pierced home, and he scowled fiercely.

"Perhaps I may be allowed to introduce myself," and I threw off my wig and beard.

"Stepan Kerdrof!" broke from a dozen pair of lips.

"In the Emperor's service," I said, proudly, "and at yours."

Lukitch signed to them to seize me. I played my last card.

"I have here a whistle. Outside are forty of the Imperial Guard. The one will bring the other inside of a minute."

They wavered, but Lukitch, still standing with his back to the door, laughed a scornful laugh, and told them that I lied. Then I gave up the ghost, and five minutes later was lying caged like a wild beast, save that my hands and feet were bound.

He peered keenly into my face

II.

There is no torture like that of unwilling inactivity, when the soul would have what the body cannot give. God knows I tasted to the fullest all its pangs during those long hours when I lay, trussed like a fowl, in the room where they had locked me. From what I knew of Lukitch, I was certain that he would not have devised such a plot without first being assured of its possibility of success. I could picture to myself the scene in which the closing act of the drama was to take place: the long room, adorned with all the elegance of a simple taste; the table and the cards; the Emperor himself,

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magnificent and sad, seated opposite the portrait of his dead mother, and taking from it his inspirations. Then the drop-curtain fell, and rose again upon the Imperial bedroom. He, who owned it, sat upon a low sofa at the foot of the bed, holding a child's frock in his arms. It was a plain, brown frock, such as a workman's child might well have worn, but he held it with a clasp of reverence and love. And it was this—this pathetic weakness in the character of the man, this homely picture, worthy of the painter's brush—that had been the inspiration of Lukitch's plot. He knew, as I did, that Alexander would sit for hours together with this one relic of his little daughter, whom death had torn from him all too soon; he knew how he loved and revered that plain, brown frock, how he fondled and caressed it! He knew, also, how the Emperor grew depressed at the recollection of his mother, and flew to his child's memory as the only means of relief, and how, in the Emperor's eyes, his mother's protest against gambling was unalterably associated with cards. The whole scheme, I could see, had been worked out like a higher mathematical calculation, and I told myself they were devils, not men, who had done it. There, in that empty room, I cursed them, one and all—Lukitch, Winowski, Bonina, and the rest—yes, even she whom I had said was to be my wife. Then the fit changed, and I found myself offering excuses that she might not suffer. They had deceived her; they must not, they could not have her sympathy.

"Stepan!"

The word fell on my ear like unto oil on troubled waters, for it was formed by the lips I had loved to kiss. In the torment of my thoughts I had heard neither the loosening of the bolts nor the sneck of the door as it closed behind her. My mind reverted to the gap that lay between us.

"Have you come here to taunt me?" I said.

She smiled indulgently, and I saw her face was calm and sad. Then she spoke.

"My poor Stepan! I have come to set you free."

Free! A thrill of fierce delight ran through me. I might save him yet. I spoke to her roughly, so that she stooped and cut the bonds that held my stiffened limbs. All night and all day I had lain on those bare boards, and it was glorious to stand upright, to walk about, to feel something firm under my feet. I thought of her who had given me this pleasure, and of a sudden it came upon me what my freedom meant to her. The motive that had impelled her to come to me thus? Generosity? The word seemed weak and meaningless. It was sacrifice, I told myself—sacrifice on the altar of Love. I would not play the Abraham to her Isaac.

"My love," and I kissed her tenderly on the cheek, "give me back to my bonds. It were better that I should not go."

She spoke quickly. "*Da*, but you must, you shall go. The life of a good man depends upon your liberty."

"And the life of an infinitely better woman hangs on the other side of the scales. No, I have chosen. When I am free, these Nihilists will kill you."

"Why not?" she queried sadly. "Better that than the living death amid the darkness of earthy prisons."

I shuddered. A chain of inaccessible mountains seemed to be hemming us in on every side. There was no hope of egress, no vision but captivity—or death. Then, as I looked ahead, I saw a path, narrow and tortuous it is true, but which I said should lead us from the shadow into the sunlight.

"You are right," I told her gaily, "I will take my liberty. The Emperor shall neither know of this plot nor feel its sting. And you? You will leave these people?"

"I have left them in spirit ever since I have known you. I was young and wilful, and it amused me to skate on thin ice. When I met you I learned to see myself as I really was, but the revelation came too late to set me free. I deceived you because I feared your honour was stronger than your love, and I could not bear to lose you. The lesson has cost me dear, but it has been well taught."

I thanked her with my lips. The chiming of the hour reminded me of the necessity for action.

"Eight o'clock!" I said to myself, "I shall be in time for the final deal. *Nu*, friend Lukitch, the trumps are against you now."

* * * * *

An hour later I entered the long room of the Winter Palace. The peasant had then given way to the soldier. A single candelabra shed a glitter of light, which illuminated the far end of the room. As I stood in the shade of the door I discovered myself analysing the thoughts of the men who sat within its circle. The Emperor, silent and sad, just as I had pictured him, Winowski, Levin, and—Lukitch. My heart leapt within me. They had called Lukitch in to take my

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place; what if it had been unexpected, if the Bottle of Death remained uncorked? Even while I deliberated on this new possibility, a voice awoke the stillness. The Emperor was speaking.

"I can play no more," he said. "The cards seem to look up at me reprovingly with my mother's eyes."

"But the rubber, Sire?" Winowski ventured.

"May be finished some other time. I have to thank you, gentlemen, for your attendance, and to wish you all good-night."

He rose to go. I saw my opportunity, and, as they bowed before him, walked boldly down the room. Lukitch was so surprised that he arrested the motion of his head and stared at me with wide-opened eyes, while Winowski went to the other extreme, and, in the suddenness of his fright, prostrated himself upon the ground. The Emperor scowled as I pulled up before him and saluted.

She stooped and cut the bonds.

"*Nu*, Mr. Truant," he said, "you come in like a dog to pick up the crumbs that are left from the feast. I gave you credit for a more precise punctuality."

"You do me wrong, Sire," I answered, calmly. "My absence has not been of my own choosing. I am here to explain it."

"The explanation could have waited," he cried, petulantly, "but since you are here, you will, perhaps, be good enough to inform us what may prove more pressing than the Imperial commands."

"That which concerns His Majesty's welfare."

"You speak in riddles, Monsieur Kerdrof."

"Listeners are so common that the habit is a useful one. My information is for His Majesty, the Emperor."

"Then why not proceed with it? These gentlemen have my confidence."

"A privilege which, if I may respectfully be allowed to suggest so, does not make them Emperors."

He smiled in spite of himself. "Since Monsieur Kerdrof is so persistent," he said, addressing those who had stood silent spectators of the scene, "you will have the goodness, gentlemen, to withdraw."

They bent low before him, and turned to go. The sound of my voice arrested them before they had crossed the threshold.

"I had neither the intention nor the wish to break up the party," I said. "Your Majesty is fatigued. You were about to retire when I entered your presence. My

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I saw my opportunity and walked down the room.

story may be told as well in one apartment as in the other."

"*Ach!* you are bold, monsieur. Have a care that you find not some precipice too wide to leap."

I felt myself on the brink now, and my breath came and went with the expectation of what was to be my fate. When he spoke again it was to tell me that I had conquered. A natural elation of triumph came over me. I longed to tell these men that they had lost the rubber, that the ace was up my sleeve.

I followed the Emperor down the lighted corridor, and so into the apartment in which he slept. My sense of smell at once furnished me with the clue. Lukitch had done his devilish work; the burden of the undoing was upon me, though I counted it but slight. The air was full of vapour that appeared to grip one by the throat, and tempt one to the sweetness of repose. I saw that I must act quickly, and, before I could move a finger, Fate was at my elbow making my task the easier.

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"Kerdrof," the Emperor said quickly, "there is too much light for a tale of mystery. Besides, the glare of it hurts my eyes, and I have grown to love the shadows."

It was as though he had placed a weapon in my hands. The room was brilliantly lit, and its many chandeliers flooded it with radiance. I sprang upon the sofa, on which the brown frock lay, to extinguish some candles that burned above; my foot slipped, and down I came, two of the lighted candles with me. In a flash the little brown frock was a mass of flames. It was all done with incredible swiftness, and I had found it easier to do than I had thought. By the cruel tongues of flame that shot up and scorched me, I saw at once that I must limit the results of my action to the execution of its purpose. I threw the burning stuff upon the floor, and stamped on it with a frenzied energy, so that soon the light was gone and the blackness of cinders was all that met the eye. The Emperor had watched through it all as in a trance; a faint cry, when the flames first broke forth, was the only sign of life he gave. Suddenly he realised it. Shall I ever forget that awakening? He threw himself on the ashes of the frock that he had come to regard almost as a part of himself, and sobbed as might the child who had worn it. Though my heart bled for the man, I was not insensible to the requirements of the situation, and, unordered, I opened the doors at both ends of the apartment. Quickly the smoke began to clear, and with it vanished the vapour of death that I had risked so much to rout. The cold, pure air poured in. Then the Emperor rose from his homage, and remembered my presence. As his eyes met mine he fell into an uncontrollable fury, and cursed me savagely, in the madness of his grief. His words seemed to fall on me like spent bullets; they stunned me, but they had no hurt, they left no wound. I realised that they meant dismissal, that my Court career must end with that night of danger; and still I felt no qualms of conscience. My tale of mystery, as he had pleased to term it, was a thing forgotten; he did not even think to ask himself the reason for my presence in his room. I had meant to tell him only a part of the truth, for I could reveal certain things without endangering the life of her whom I loved. Even this was to be spared me now, and I thanked God the danger was so much the less. I was about to retreat from that torrent of abuse the Emperor was pouring on my unprotected head when there came a sudden calm—more agonising than the fury of the storm of words, it was so deadly. He took me simply by the hand, and his voice was filled with emotion.

He threw himself on the ashes of the frock.

"Kerdrof," he said, "you must forget the words I have spoken. Your carelessness, despite its results, did not deserve them, and they could have no other justification. But it is better that you should go from among us—for my sake and for your own. I could

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not see you without recalling this night's work, and the remembrance might bring about the death of either of us. Good-bye, and may God rest with you."

I felt that he was right, and yet the knowledge overwhelmed me. I could not find tongue to thank him. I could only press my lips to the hand he held out to me, and walk like a man dazed from the room. It was in this state that I threaded the corridors of the palace, and passed through its doors for the last time. In the courtyard I had run into my friend, Petritsky, before I was aware of anyone near me.

"*Diable!*" he cried, "one would think there was an object in Time. The clock is running fast to-night, if one must judge by people's haste. When I came up to the palace Winowski drove away in a *drozhky*, as if he were late for a train, and, a few minutes after, Lukitch followed suit, swearing at the slowness of his horses. Now there's you. What's the trouble, Kerdrof?"

I pressed my lips to his hand.

How I scorned them when he told me that the birds had flown! They had thought I came to betray their plot—fools, doubly fools, that they were! How little they knew of the mystery of love—of its power, its possibilities?

"The trouble, Petritsky?" I repeated, gaily. "There is no trouble. My life is an unruffled stream of happiness. I leave for England to-morrow night, and I shall not go alone. My wife will go with me. Perhaps you will come, and see us off?"

I left him standing there in the helplessness of his amazement and strode off into the night, towards the haven that sheltered my love.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—The Emperor Alexander II. was passionately fond of his children. He lost his first daughter (the younger is now the Duchess of Edinburgh) when she was but a child, and, after her death, a plain cashmere frock that she had worn was always hung over the end of his bed. Whenever he played at cards—which was seldom—he invariably sat opposite a life-size portrait of his mother, who had instilled in him from childhood an inherent dread of gambling.

Google

His father.

Sir Evelyn Wood, Bart.

His mother.

His father,

Sir Thomas Lipton.

His mother.

Google

His father.

Sir George Newnes, Bart.

His mother.

Her father.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland.

Her mother.

His father.

Earl of Dudley.

His mother.

Google

His father.

The Rev. Hugh Price-Hughes.

His mother.

Her father.

Princess Dhuleep Singh

Her mother.

His father.

Earl De la Warr.

His mother.

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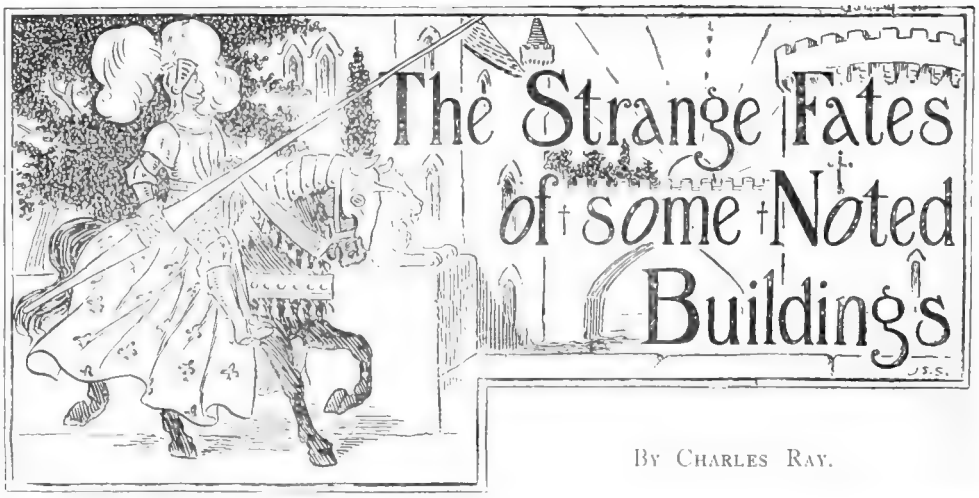

The Strange Fates of some Noted Buildings

By Charles Ray.

When Shakespeare wrote "To what base uses we may return," it is quite probable that he had in mind not only the dust of Alexander, but the many noble English buildings which had, even in his day, been put to menial uses. In all parts of the country are to be seen castles, and monasteries, and churches which no longer shelter the heads of noblemen and worshippers, but are given over to more prosaic, if not more practical uses than heretofore.

For instance, not far from the town of Ilminster, in Somerset, is to be seen a very fine abbey which dates back almost to the days of the Conqueror. It was built in 1091 by Robert, Earl of Montaigne, a warrior of noble blood who came from Normandy, and was rewarded with a large and fertile estate for his valour and prowess. The picturesque old Abbey of Montacute stands at the top of a high hill, and its battlemented tower is a landmark for miles round. But no longer is Earl Robert's generous foundation an abbey; it has long since lost its ancient glory, and after a series of lamentable vicissitudes it is now put to no more dignified a use than that of a farm-house. The grand old dining hall, one of the features of the Abbey, is still used for its original purpose.

Another picturesque old sanctuary which has been used as a farmhouse is Beeleigh Abbey, near Maldon, in Essex. It is almost as old as Montacute Abbey, having been erected in 1180 for the Order of the White Canons. Additions were made to the building from time to time, the monks' refectory, for instance, being erected in the time of King John, and the chapter-house during the reign of Edward III. These latter apartments, together with the monks' dormitory, remain almost in their original condition, although several other parts of the building have decayed away. On the west side of the refectory is a splendid stone mantelpiece of the Tudor period. It originally formed the canopy of the tomb of Henry Bouchier, Earl of Ell,

Photo by Valentine & Sons.

Montacute Abbey, now a Farmhouse.

It was built in 1091 by one of William the Conqueror's nobles.

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From a Photo.

Beeleigh Abbey, which became a Farmhouse.

It was erected in 1180 for the Order of the White Canons. The monks' refectory, erected in the time of King John, the chapter house, and the monks' dormitory, remain in their original condition.

entirely of material from the abbey itself. One of the most interesting facts in connection with this abbey is that it is the only one in England which can now boast an abbot. It has long since lost its sails, and is fast falling into ruin.

But it is not only abbeys that have fallen from their high state. Churches, and even chapels, of comparatively modern date, are to be found in many parts of the country put to a very different use to that which was originally intended by their founders. St. Andrew's Church, Tavistock Place, London, is a building of somewhat imposing appearance. It stands in a fairly fashionable part of the great metropolis, and was at one time famous as being the scene of the ministry of the eloquent Archdeacon Dunbar. But it has long since ceased to be used for the worship of God, and its many changes seem all to

in Normandy, who, with his wife, lies buried somewhere beneath the abbey. To-day the abbey is occupied as a private residence by Mr. John Field, who, to his credit be it said, is doing all he can to preserve the historic old building.

A curious fate has befallen the old abbey of St. Benet, on the banks of the river Ant, in Norfolk. The abbey, which is now in a state of great ruin, was founded before the Norman Conquest, and was for centuries a centre of great importance in the Eastern Counties. The story of how the abbey was captured by the Normans is interesting. The building was strongly fortified, and was besieged for a long time. In all probability it would have been strong enough to resist the attack of the besiegers had not one of the inmates turned traitor and opened the doors to the Normans. This treachery he performed on the understanding that he should be made abbot, but it is, perhaps, satisfactory to learn that the Normans had no sooner gained possession of the abbey than they put to death the man who had betrayed his friends. Within the few remaining walls of the abbey of St. Benet a disused windmill now stands, built almost

From a Photo.

Drawing-Room, Beeleigh Abbey.

This was originally the monks' refectory. On the west side of the room is a splendid stone mantelpiece of the Tudor period, which originally formed, in Normandy, the canopy of the tomb of Henry Bouchier, Earl of Eli.

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have had a downward tendency. After being closed as a sanctuary, it was for some time opened by a dealer in furniture, and later on became a cycle school. But a really unfortunate use has been made of a certain portion of the church; it was opened as a club; but the Metrpoolitan Police one day made a raid upon that portion of the building, and the proprietor was fined £230 for having illicitly sold excisable liquors.

Photo by Valentine & Sons.

Windmill in an Abbey.

This is St. Benet's Abbey, founded before the Conquest, and once of great importance. It is the only abbey in England that has an abbot. The Bishop of Norwich sits in the House of Lords as Abbot of St. Benet's.

Another place of worship which has been sold for other purposes, after a prosperous religious career of thirty years, is to be seen at Handsworth. It was built in 1812, and is in a very good condition. It is now occupied by a well-known cycle-manufacturing company.

For a building which was once used for the service of God to become a cowshed seems very much opposed to one's idea of the fitness of things. Such, however, is the case with Padley Chapel. It is several centuries old, and was in the days of Queen Elizabeth a sanctuary of some importance. Now, however, the building is rented by a farmer, who houses his cattle in one part, and stores hay in the other. Not far from the little town of Braintree, in Essex, a similar case of desecration is to be witnessed. The church of St. Peter's-on-the-Wall, at Bradwell, was for hundreds of years used as a place of worship, but it is now put to no better purpose than that of a barn.

Not only as farmhouses, however, are some of these old churches used to-day. The Lamorna Church, well known to tourists between Penzance and Land's End, is now used as a refreshment establish ment, and during the summer months it does quite a large business. The church was built for the use of quarrymen at the Lamorna works close by, but the opening of new quarries nearer to Penzance resulted in the closing of the Lamorna works and the consequent migration of the bulk of the population. It was from the Lamorna quarries that most of the stone was taken for the building of the Thames Embankment. For some time after it ceased to be a place of worship, the little church was used as a dwelling-house. Over the porch is still to be seen an open Bible carved in granite, with certain texts inscribed upon the open pages. Another church used as a dwelling place is that which stands in Chapel Lane, West Wycombe, Bucks. For more than a century the

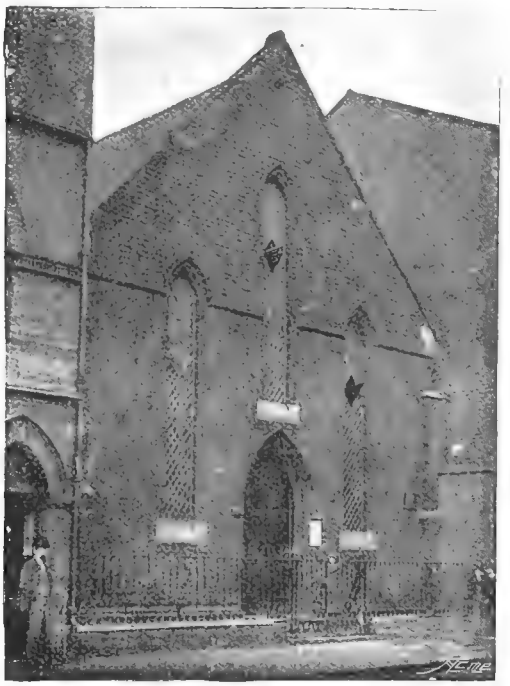

Photo by J. H. Burridge.

Branston Street Chapel, used as a Butcher's Shop.

At the last service held here only three people were present, and the poor-box contained three farthings.

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once sacred building has been divided into cottages.

For a chapel to be used as a butcher's shop may seem grotesque to many of our readers, but such is the fact in connection with the Branston Street Free Methodist Chapel, Birmingham. It was built in 1854, and although for many years its career as a prosperous church and as a power for good in the district was celebrated, the congregation gradually dwindled, till at the last service only three people were present, and it is said that when the poor-box was opened only three farthings were found inside! When the chapel was sold, it was at first used as a butcher's shop; then it became a hall for smoking concerts; and, finally, a firm of organ builders have taken it on a long lease.

Other buildings beside abbeys and churches have been put to baser uses than those for which they were originally intended.

Photo by W. Edward Wright.

The Throne Room, Crosby Hall, now used as a Restaurant.

Richard of Glo'ster waited here for news of the murder of the two little princes.

Several ruined castles are to be seen in different parts of the country which have been temporarily patched up and let as dwelling houses. Even bishops' palaces are not exempt from the changes wrought by time. Mayne Court, near Matherne, in Monmouthshire, was once the residence of the Bishops of Llandaff. It dates from mediæval times, and, as the battered walls show, has been subjected to some very rough usage. The walls are exceptionally thick, and at either extremity of the palace stands a strong tower with loopholes, through which muskets have been fired upon many occasions Immediately beneath the roofs of the towers are small chambers, in which soldiers could be stationed for the defence of the palace. The building is now used as a farm-house, but its general appearance and its doors of solid oak, heavily clamped with iron, proclaim that it has seen better

The Palace of the Bishops of Llandaff, now a Farmhouse.

Dates from mediæval times, and has seen desperate fighting.

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A Mausoleum at Allahabad.

It was erected to the memory of a young prince by his father who murdered him. It is now luxuriously fitted as a billiard saloon, and being without windows is lit by electric light.

days. Over the main doorway are to be seen the arms of the See of Llandaff, with mitres and pastoral staves.

Another place which has fallen from its high estate is the famous Crosby Hall, in Bishopsgate Street, well known to all those who have visited the City of London. It was built about 1460 by Sir John Crosby, and afterwards came into the hands of Richard, Duke of Gloucester. It was here that the wily "Crookback" awaited news of the murder of the little princes in the tower. Princess Catherine of Aragon, afterwards the unfortunate wife of Henry VIII., was entertained here, and Queen Elizabeth once honoured Crosby Hall with her presence when she witnessed a masque performance of the law students of Gray's Inn and the Temple, arranged for her special benefit by the then Lord Mayor of London, Sir John Spencer. The great Sir Thomas More once dwelt at Crosby Hall, and in his time the quaint old building became the centre of learning and philosophy in London. But, "Ichabod," its glory has departed, and now Crosby Hall is a restaurant, where stock-brokers and other City men may eat their midday meal in company with the ghosts of princes, and talk over such inglorious subjects as "bears and bulls."

From theological college to music-hall is a far cry, but such is the change which has come over the Spring Hill College, Birmingham. It was built in 1857 as a memorial to the Rev. John Angell James, the famous pastor of Carr's Lane Chapel. The College contains accommodation for about eighty students, and quite a number of well-known Nonconformist preachers have received their theological education here, but the building was not sufficiently large for the purposes for which it was required, and ten years ago it was sold to the Moseley Botanical Society for nearly £13,000. The college is now used for popular entertainments, and concert-goers who are not aware of the history of the building are astonished to see over the gateway such mottoes as "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

It is not often that a tomb is used for any other purpose than that for which it was originally intended. Respect for the dead is usually sufficient to prevent any sacrilegious use of the last resting place of a man, however unpleasing his character may have been. There is one case, however, where a tomb has been put to an extraordinary use. In the town of Allahabad, in India, is a splendid mausoleum erected to the memory of a

Photo by A. Wells.

Spring Hill College.

It was once a theological college, but is now used for concerts and popular entertainments.

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prince who met with a particularly terrible death. The young man became the object of jealousy to his father, the reigning king, and this monarch, known as Jehanjir, actually tortured and starved his son to death. But, after the terrible deed, some remorse seems to have seized upon him, and he built this splendid mausoleum to his son's memory, being buried there himself some years later. The descendants of the son, however, are determined not to let their brutal ancestor rest in peace. They have fitted the upper portion of the tomb as a billiard saloon. A firm of English upholsterers, with a branch establishment in Bombay, secured the curious furnishing contract, and no expense has been spared to make the interior of the tomb a thoroughly luxurious apartment. The billiard table is in constant use, and the tomb, which has no windows, is lit by electricity.

Visitors to the quaint old town of Rye, in Sussex, have probably noticed the picturesque barracks of the Salvation Army on top of Conduit Hill, but not many are aware that this was once an influential monastery. The institution was dissolved by Henry VIII. in 1535, and certain portions of the building were allowed to fall into decay, but the chapel was kept in repair, and it is this which is the barracks. The order of monks at the Rye Monastery was that of the Friar-Eremites of St. Augustine. After the dissolution, the old chapel was put to various uses. It was at one time a malt-house, at another a barn, then a theatre, then a provision store. In 1762 some excavations were being made around the monastery, when several skeletons were discovered in an upright position. A writer of the period says: "If this was to represent that they lived uprightly, and if such custom prevailed nowadays, few, I think, would be eligible for such an interment."

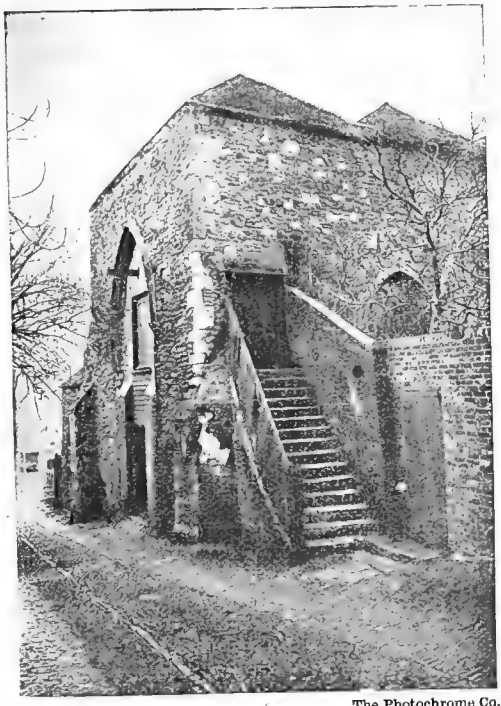

Photo by The Photochrome Co.

Chapel of Rye Monastery.

The monastery was dissolved by Henry VIII. in 1535. The chapel has been a malthouse, a barn, a theatre, a provision store, and is now a Salvation Army barracks.

One of our photographs shows a sanctuary which is now used as a blacksmith's shop. It stands in the old town of Warwick, and still retains its former title "St. Michael's Church," although, instead of the preacher's words and the joyous hymns of praise, the building now resounds with the ring of hammer and anvil. The large church window at one end of the building still remains, but several smaller openings have been made in the wall.

The picturesque old church of Dishley, which is now in a very ruined condition, is no longer used for public worship. The church was built as far back as 1365, and has at different times been the scene of the labours of many famous ecclesiastics. For the last thirty years, however, it has been used as a barn and a rearing place for calves. In the winter the church is occupied as a sheep fold.

Perhaps no more remarkable change in the purposes for which a building is used can be found than that of the old Bath Street Chapel

From a Photo.

St. Michael's Church.

It is still called that, but it is now a blacksmith's shop.

Google

Photo by R. W. Frost.

Dishley Church.

It was built in 1365, and many famous ecclesiastics have laboured there. For the last thirty years it has been used in summer for calf-rearing, and in winter as a sheep-fold.

The church, which is a substantial one of red sandstone, is of mediæval date, but about a quarter of a century ago the then rector, Canon Lason, built a new and more commodious church in another part of the town, The old sanctuary could not be sold for any purpose, and as the inhabitants were chary of pulling down so venerable a local monument, they decided to let it remain. No use is made of the church; the roof and window frames have gradually decayed, and the entire building is now appropriated by the pigeons of the district as a breeding place.

An article of this character would not be complete without a mention of the old Whitefriars monastery at Coventry, which now forms a wing of the workhouse in that town. It was erected in 1342, and is in a remarkably good state of preservation.

at Birmingham. Originally used as a place in which "peace and goodwill towards men" might be preached, it is now a gun factory, and annually turns out a large number of deadly weapons. It is in the occupation of the Abingdon Works Company.

A curious dwelling place is to be seen at Basingstoke. This is nothing less than the tower of a ruined church. The place is known as the Holy Ghost Church, and was built in the reign of Henry VIII. by Lord Sandys, whose descendants lie buried in the chancel. The church was destroyed during the troublous times of the Commonwealth, and the tower is the only portion of the ruined sanctuary which is at all in a state of preservation. The present occupier has converted the interior of the ruined church into a beautiful flower garden.

Another building whose curious fate should be recorded in this article is the church at Upton-on-Severn, not far from the town of Malvern.

Photo by J. H. Burridge

Bath Street Chapel.

Once a place of worship, it is now used as a gun factory.

Photo by E. J. Nesbitt.

The Holy Ghost Church.

Built by Lord Sandys in the reign of Henry VIII., it was destroyed during the Commonwealth. To-day the tower is a dwelling-house, and the ruined church a lovely flower garden.

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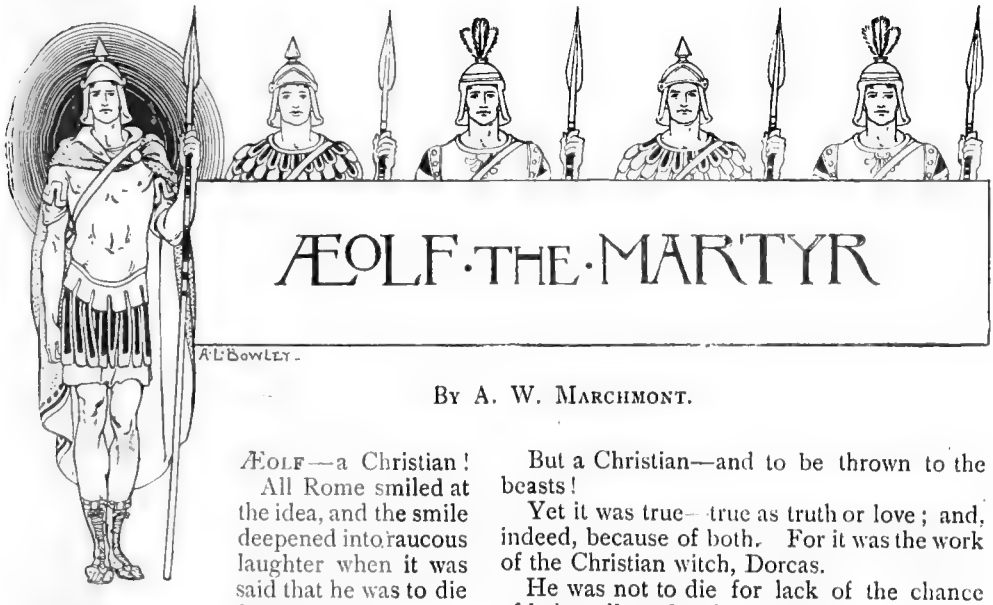


ÆOLF·THE·MARTYR

A. L. Bowley.

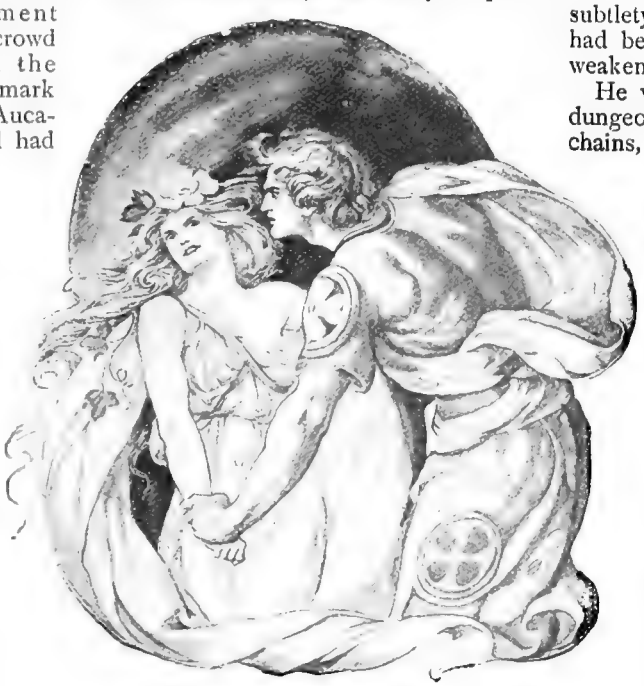
By A. W. Marchmont.

ÆOLF—a Christian!

All Rome smiled at the idea, and the smile deepened into raucous laughter when it was said that he was to die for the faith.

Not that the man feared death. He had faced it, smiling, a hundred times in the arena, from the moment when the gaping crowd had thronged the Appian Way to mark the triumph of Aucanius Mistor, and had greeted with loud-tongued admiration the captive Briton's towering form as he strode along behind the victorious general's car, his mighty limbs wearing, like so many tinkling bau bles, the heavy fetters that clanked on his bulging arms and decked his massive legs.

Who could not recall a score of wondrous tales of his strength which no man could withstand, no wild dissipation sap, and no mad riotous excess diminish?



He gripped her by the arm.

But a Christian—and to be thrown to the beasts!

Yet it was true—true as truth or love; and, indeed, because of both. For it was the work of the Christian witch, Dorcas.

He was not to die for lack of the chance of being allowed to live, however.

Even on the very eve of the day he was to die every temptation that a cunning Prefect's subtlety could devise had been tried for his weakening.

He was alone in his dungeon loaded with chains, when soldiers came and struck them off, leading him to a room where all was light, brilliance, and luxury, and his old companions revelled and feasted. Brave comrades thronged around him, pressing him to give up his mad craze and join again in the glorious life ever open to the strong men of Rome.

Of all he was as heedless as of the dead. To love or sneer, caress or jibe, wrath, or entreaty, he held the same attitude of unshakable indifference.

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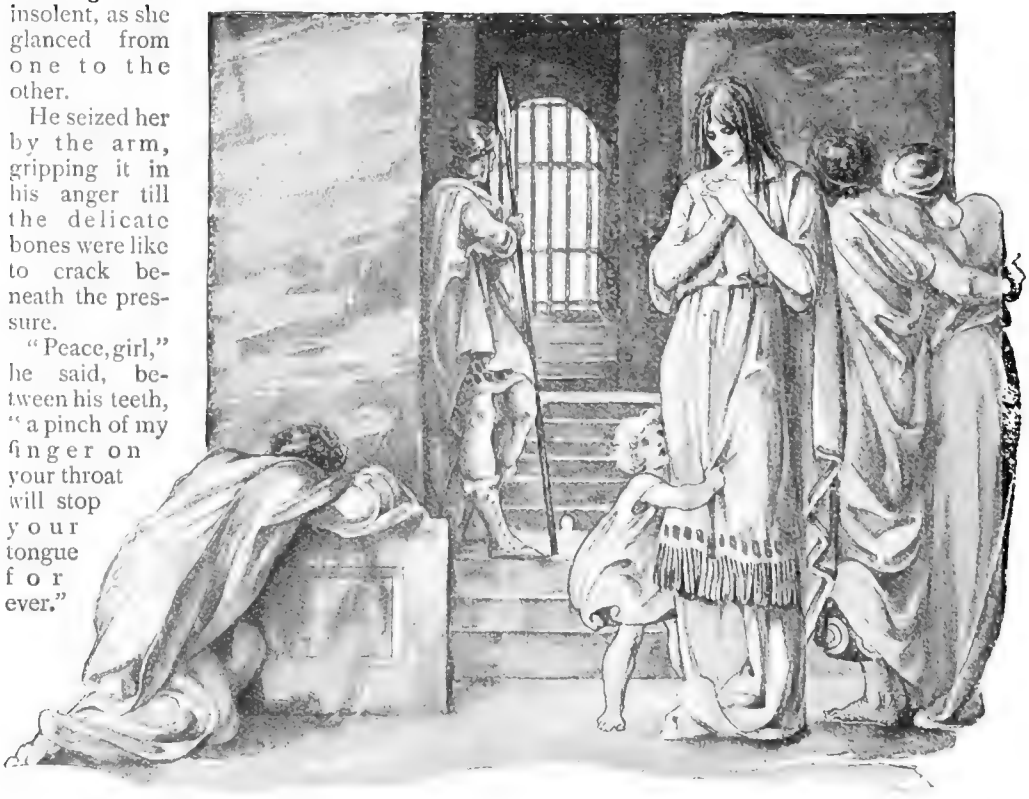
Once only was he moved. They brought in Dorcas, and Vulpia, the most beautiful, the most vicious and the most jealous of all the women present, sneered blasphemously at them both.

Then Æolf saw Dorcas shrink and cower as if struck.

He leapt to his feet, and the flowers were scattered and trodden by the girls who fled, laughing but frightened, from the blaze of rage in his face. All but Vulpia, who stood sneering and insolent, as she glanced from one to the other.

He seized her by the arm, gripping it in his anger till the delicate bones were like to crack beneath the pressure.

"Peace, girl," he said, between his teeth, "a pinch of my finger on your throat will stop your tongue for ever."



Awaiting the signal for the butchery to begin.

She screamed with pain and baffled wrath, for she had loved him in her way.

"Coward," she cried; then to the men around she called, "Is every one of you curred by a woman-beater?"

Two of the brawniest came running forward at the cry.

"Hands off, Æolf," cried one.

The Briton's eyes flashed fire, and, rejoicing to have something on which to vent his rage, he turned on them and smote one with clenched fist with all his force. The man went down and lay senseless as a log. The scent of fight roused the animal in Æolf and he turned to the second.

"Æolf!" a thin white hand was laid on his quivering arm, and the Christian girl's eyes sought his face.

At the touch and the look he changed, and stood like a stricken child.

But the sight of this influence maddened Vulpia, and, going swiftly to Dorcas, she struck the girl twice in the face.

"Bah, thou Christian cat! that makest coward thy burly lover!"

Æolf, mad at the sight of the blow, made as if to thrust or even throw the angry woman aside.

"It is but till to-morrow, Æolf," said the girl, in her sweet, clear, cool voice. "There is no pain in this now that I know thou art steadfast."

"Steadfast!" began Vulpia again, with a loud mocking laugh; but the others closed round her then, and for their old comrade's sake forced her to be silent; and the two

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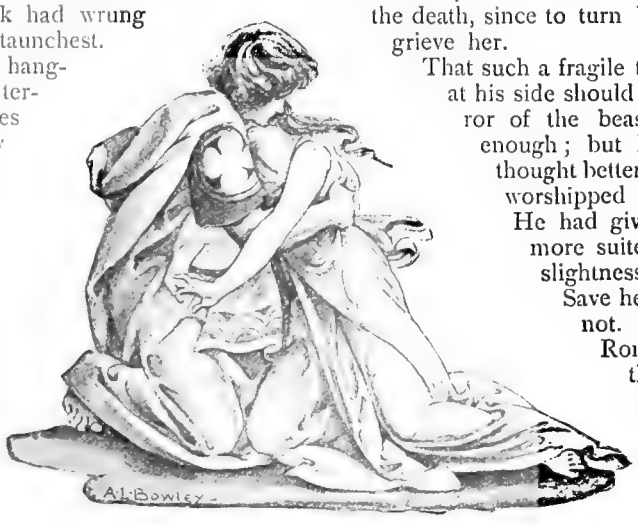
were left apart together and the revels were hushed, until Æolf and Dorcas had been taken back to their dungeons.

They did not meet again till the next day, when the victims for the day's carnival of slaughter were huddled together awaiting the signal for the butchery in the arena to begin.

By then, a painful change had been wrought in Dorcas. Fear of the wild beasts had broken her. Their staring eyeballs, gaping blood-flecked jaws, and cruel, gleaming fangs grinned at her from every corner of her cell. She seemed even to feel their hot breath as they crouched in readiness for their spring. Memory brought back the horrors she had been forced to witness when others of the faith had died; and out of the awful blackness came echoes of the gasps and screams of pain and terror which the moment of attack had wrung from even the staunchest.

All through the hanging hours of the terrible vigil her senses were harrowed by these terrors till the nerves, overtaxed, gave way.

Her fear was not of death, but of the manner of compassing it; and as she and Æolf knelt apart from the others in the ante-chamber of slaughter, she faltered out this confession to him.



"Death is but a puny thing, Dorcas, after all," he said.

Just as she finished the recital the noise of the raging beasts was borne in upon their ears, and the girl shrank and shuddered as she clung to her companion to stay her from falling to the ground, and her face was grey and seamed with lines of terror, while the sweat stood in cold beads on her forehead.

"Pray for me, Æolf; pray for me; pray for me to have strength," she cried, though her chattering teeth, as she clutched him, and moved her livid lips in swift, soundless prayer.

"Death is but a puny thing, Dorcas, after all," he said.

"It is not death I fear, but the dying, Æolf. The beasts, the beasts," she answered, and cowered close to him, as the roar of the brutes came again. "God, help me to be strong. Christ, help me. Pray for me, Æolf. Pray for me."

"Not death, but the dying," repeated the man to himself, under his breath, and slowly, for the words had started a thought.

Then he set to praying as though fervently; but to save her by human means from the torture she dreaded was more in his thoughts than the idea of any help from Heaven.

Vulpia's scorching scorn had, indeed, gone near the truth.

He was to die for the faith, indeed; but his own faith was shallow enough. His God was the shivering, timorsome, beautiful girl by his side; and his faith the love he bore her. It had pleased her to make him a Christian; and Christian he would be to the death, since to turn back would but grieve her.

That such a fragile thing as the girl at his side should have such horror of the beasts was natural enough; but he would have thought better of the God she worshipped so fervently if He had given her an end more suited to the dainty slightness of her strength. Save her life, he could not. No power in Rome could do that, save the Emperor, and the Emperor was stone. But he had a plan.

"I can save you from the beasts, Dorcas," he said.

"You!" and her face shone for a moment with the light of wistful hope.

"I cannot save you from death, dear."

"It is not death I fear, but the beasts."

"I can save you from them."

"By what means?"

"I cannot say," he returned; but then, seeing the light of her eyes fade, he thought a moment and—lied.

"I won the right to save one victim each year, when I overthrew the big Greek, Clytos, in the games a year ago."

It did not occur to her to doubt the truth of this, and he rose and crossed to one of the guards, who had been a close comrade, and spoke earnestly. When he returned, his manner showed no hesitancy.

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"It is well, Dorcas," he said simply. "You must go with the rest into the arena, but then all will be well."

Under the assurance the girl grew calm, and soon could rise and move about among the rest exhorting them, comforting them, and soothing their fears.

When the signal came that the butchery was to commence, he drew her to his side.

"We two are to go last," he said.

As they passed between the lines of soldiers along the dim corridor, at the end of which, through the narrow gate, she could see a part of the huge sea of eager, expectant faces and hear the hisses and howls of execration which greeted the appearance of the first victims, she trembled for an instant and closed her eyes. But Æolf took her hand.

"Your death will be easy, love," he whispered; and at the assurance she lifted her lids and smiled, and then went out.

The gate they passed through was fashioned of heavy iron bars, and, standing next to it, and last in the line of guards, was the soldier to whom Æolf had spoken.

As he neared the gate, Æolf lingered a pace or two, letting Dorcas get first into the arena. Then with a swift sudden movement he sprang upon the soldier who made only a faint resistance, wrenched the short sword from him, and, springing through the door, closed it with almost superhuman strength.

A cry of surprise, starting in a shout from the soldiers, spread like a fire all round the vast concourse of people, and the shouts deepened into a roar of wonder and expectation when it was seen that the gladiator whom all Rome had come to see die had armed himself and held the gate against the soldiers. Then the guards at the other side, mistaking the signals, opened the dens and let the beasts into the arena.

Æolf saw this, too, and left the gate.

"Come now, if you dare," he cried to the guard with a bitter smile.

He hurried to Dorcas, who was standing shuddering in dismay and panic, as the beasts with snarling stealth began to close on their victims. Every man and woman of the pent thousands had marked his act and waited in eagerness to see what he would do.

Did he mean to fight the beasts? Were they to have a combat between the strongest gladiator in all Rome and these ravening brutes, already crouching to sate their starvation-spurred hunger on the beggarly Christians? Or had he turned craven when it came to the death?

He rose and crossed to one of the Guards.

He was not long in showing what he meant. His one thought was for Dorcas.

"You are not to look at the beasts, Dorcas. I am to guard you from them; but your hour has come, child, though how you die you will not see. It will be painless death. Quick, kiss me once."

She put up her face, and for an instant his towering head bent over her from behind and his lips rested on her's, while all the world and all eternity were alike for that instant and in that only kiss, forgotten.

"Now turn your face to the Emperor and

Google

She lifted her hands in prayer.

pray your last prayer. It must be short. Quick. I am between you and the beasts, love."

She turned her head to the Emperor's seat, sank on her knees, and, closing her eyes, lifted her hands in prayer. Æolf glanced round uneasily and saw the beasts were close upon them.

Then he turned again to her and, the next instant, with a swift dexterous stab drove the sword right through her heart with so true an aim that she rolled forward without even a moan, dead.

At the sight of this a terrific shout went up from the multitude, while the scent of the blood drove the beasts to a frenzy.

He had saved the girl from them in his own barbarian fashion.

Then, that not a man should call him craven, he tossed the soldier's sword far from him and stood firm with folded arms till, with a loud roar, a huge lion sprang upon him, giving the signal for the general carnage, and pulled him down.

So died Æolf, the martyr, for the faith that was never in him.

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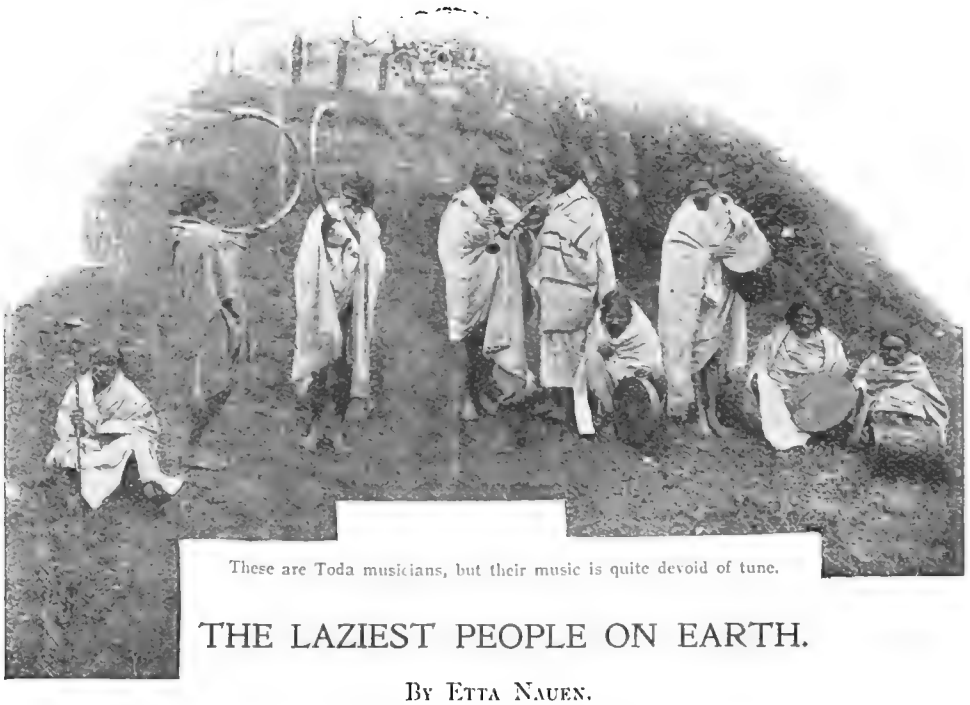

These are Toda musicians, but their music is quite devoid of tune.

THE LAZIEST PEOPLE ON EARTH.

By Etta Nauen.

"They toil not, neither do they spin."

If you would learn how to be busy doing nothing, and how to make a living without earning it, take a trip to Ootacamund and study the ways of the Todas, who have a "mund" or village close to Sylkh's Hotel. You may do so confidently, for "Ooty" is quite a sanatorium for Europeans — the summer headquarters of the Governor of Madras and the rank and fashion of the Presidency. But for those to whom a trip to India is almost as impossible as a journey to the moon, and who cannot, therefore, see the Todas in their own environment, the following description may be interesting, and form a pleasant contrast to all that has been recently written about the warlike tribes of Northern India.

The Todas are essentially a peaceful, pastoral and agricultural people, who spend their lives in a perpetual "dolce far niente" amidst the lovely scenery of the Nilgiri (blue) hills. They make no effort to cultivate the land, but are entitled "lords of the soil," not only on account of their self-assertion and independent bearing, but because of their practice of levying "gúdú," or tribute in kind, on the Bodighars, who regard them with superstitious veneration. The Government has, in a way, countenanced the Todas' claims to lordship over the plateau by paying them quit-rent for certain lands in Ootacamund and Coonoor. Apart from this they depend entirely on their herds of buffaloes for support.

The Todas are most attractive, both as to manner and appearance. They are amiable, laughter-loving and fearless in character; tall, well-proportioned and athletic in person. Their dress consists of a single coarse cloth, which is, at the outset, white with a few bars of colour at either end. The men wear it as a sort of "toga," which, however, leaves the legs bare, and is disposed about the person like a Highlander's plaid. They also wear a waistcloth or "kúvú."

The costume of the women is much the same as that of the men, though not quite so gracefully worn, and covers the entire person from shoulder to ankle. The fair Todas are by no means indifferent to outward appearance, and are as fond of jewellery as their sisters all the world over. They generally wear two brass armlets on one arm, which weigh about five pounds, and are called "túrvago"; necklaces of twisted hair or black thread with silver clasps, and ornamented with beads or bunches of cowrie shells, and sometimes a silver chain besides. Their wrists are en-

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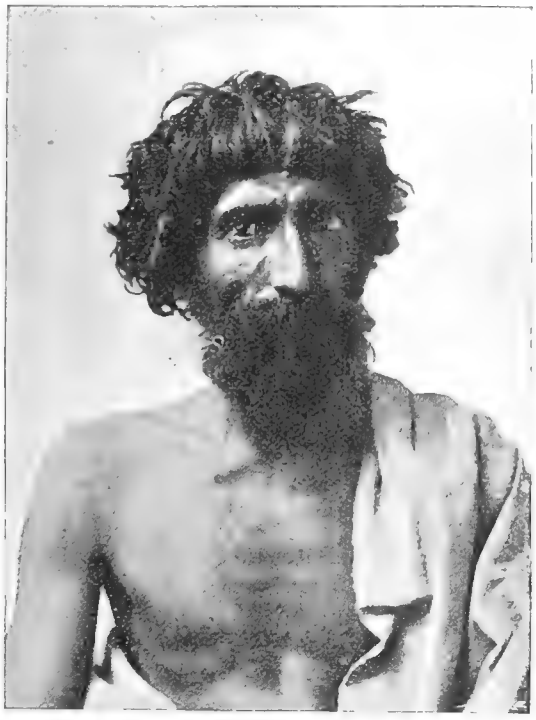
circled by bracelets, and rings bedeck both fingers and thumbs. A silver chain is sometimes worn round the waist, to which is attached a small silver box which opens with a screw and is used as a purse. Might not European ladies take a hint from the Toda women and save themselves that harassing search for their pockets?

Though fond of outward adornment, the Todas have not yet learnt that "cleanliness is next to godliness," and limit their ablutions to the teeth, like many other savage tribes. A luxuriant crop of hair is their chief pride, so that a comb is a valued possession. The dressing of the hair is by far the most elaborate feature in the toilet of Toda beauties, and, according to Mr. Netz, who was well acquainted with their habits, much time is occupied every evening in curling their ringlets on long sticks. The desire of the Toda women to produce artificially the ringlets denied them by nature may perhaps be worth the attention of ethnologists, for the fashion of curling the hair is probably but an imitation of some superior (and curly-haired) race with whom their ancestors were familiar.



This is a Toda man. The Todas live in India, at a place called Ootacamund, which is the summer headquarters of the Governor of Madras.

The Todas practise polyandry, one woman usually marrying all the brothers of a family. Early betrothals are common, and an interchange of buffaloes takes the place of an engagement ring. There is no special marriage ceremony; the woman merely bows down before her husband, who places his foot on her head. She then performs some simple household duty, such as drawing water, or cooking food, and is duly installed as a wedded wife.

There are some curious rites and ceremonies connected with the birth of children, which the Todas can only explain as "mamul" or custom. For instance, when a child is born, a young buffalo calf is brought; the father takes three bamboo measures, and pours water from the third into the other two, holding them close to the hind quarters of the calf on the right side. This may possibly refer to the future supply of milk for the child's sustenance, milk, curds, "ghí," and various cereals forming the staple articles of food among the Todas.

Another quaint custom is as follows:—The father and mother of a new-born child each take a leaf in their hands, water is poured over the leaf held by the father, and from it on to the one in the mother's hand; she drinks, and puts a drop into the child's mouth three times, after which mother and child are removed to a separate hut till the next new moon.

The little Toda, whose advent is thus strangely welcomed, is not troubled upon arriving at years of discretion by the choice of a profession, for cattle-herding and dairy work are the sole occupations of Toda men, whilst the women perform household duties and work at a coarse kind of embroidery. For making articles of clothing they use Nelagora nettle thread and English needles.

Although games are not necessary to prevent the "dulness" supposed to ensue from over-work, they are entered into by the Todas with much energy and enjoyment. "Iláta," a variety of tip-cat, is played with a bat and a cylindrical piece of wood pointed at both ends, while a game called "kárea-lapim" resembles "puss-in-the-corner."

Their only musical instrument is a kind of

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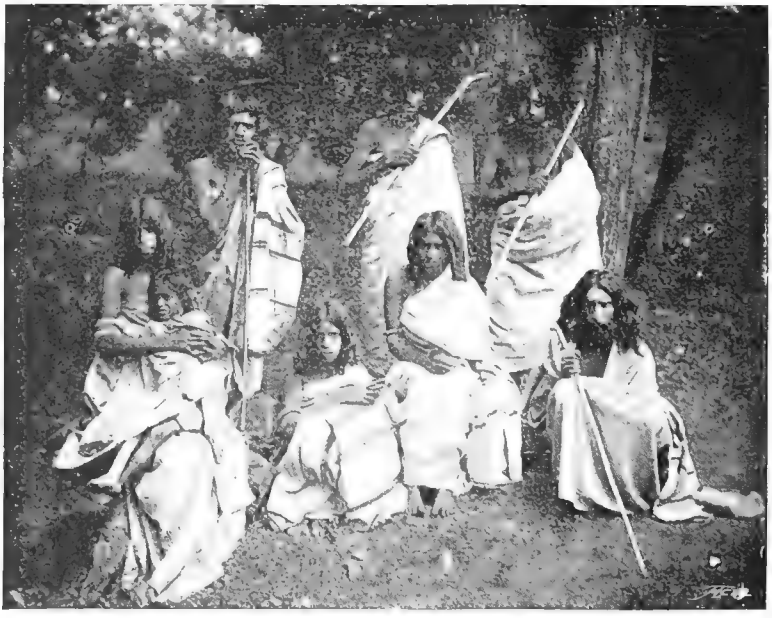
flute, called "buguri," made of a hollow bamboo with holes at intervals, and by no means melodious in tone. Their singing is remarkable for an entire absence of tune, and the system of voice production is original. They lean their heads on both hands, close their teeth, and make a droning nasal sound, closely resembling a snore. In fact, one of their songs is known as "Snori" (a most expressive title), or The Wedding Song, though this and every Toda song is without words. They nevertheless enjoy European music, for, at a picnic given last year at Ootacamund, one of the guests sang them some hymns and simple songs. Great was their joy on recognising a tune which had been sung to them by Miss Ling, an English missionary lady, of whom they are very fond.

Miss Ling has for years devoted much of her time to this interesting tribe, has invented an alphabet of their language (there is no trace of any written character having ever been used by the Todas), and is now engaged in compiling a grammar, to enable her to teach them to read, and bring them within the reach of education and Christianity.



This is a group of Todas, or "Lords of the Soil," as they call themselves. They are a pastoral and agricultural people, lazy and peaceful, but quite fearless.

The stately Todas have a peculiar form of salutation for a woman, when she meets a man, lifts his feet, first one and then the other, to her head, as she crouches before him; but in the case of an old woman, the ceremony is reversed, and she places her foot on the head of the man.

A death is the occasion of many strange ceremonies in a Toda mund. When a member of the community is thought to be "sick unto death," he is dressed in all the ornaments and jewellery of his house, and his friends' last office is to give him milk to drink. He is then wrapped in a new mantle, into the pockets of which a supply of grain, sugar, &c., is thoughtfully put for his use on the road to "Amnúr," the other country. A sufficient number of buffaloes are killed at each funeral "to supply the dead with milk in the other district," and the spirits of men and buffaloes are supposed to leap together from Múkarté Peak into Hades.

The funeral ceremonies are most elaborate, but space will not permit me to describe them in detail. Suffice it to say that they are known as the "Green Funeral," which includes burial of the body, and takes place as soon as possible after death, and the "Dry Funeral," which is celebrated some months later, and may include all the members of the tribe deceased during the year.

But few problems of right and wrong, good and evil, present themselves during the monotonous course of a Toda's life, and we find no trace of the influence of a guiding or restraining power: Worship is confined to one material object—the sacred buffalo bell, which is hung round the neck of the best buffalo of the sacred herd, and is regarded as the representative of Hiriadéva, the chief god. They have, besides, quite a pantheon of presiding gods—one for each mund, but do not pray to them. Their only prayers are "May all be well," "May the buffaloes be well." They nevertheless have five orders of

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priesthood, the highest being the Pálál, herdsman and priest combined, who exerts a powerful influence over the inhabitants of the mund. They believe that God dwells in the Pálál, and makes known His will to those who come to him for counsel.

Before a Toda enters the sacred calling of Pálál he is compelled to go through a period of probation in solitude, but at the end of his term of office may return to his home as an ordinary inhabitant of the "mund."

The Toda women have straight hair, but they spend much time in twisting it into curls. That and cleaning their teeth comprise their toilet and day's work.

The milk of the sacred herd, which it is considered sacrilege to sell, is appropriated by the Pálál, who, in addition to this privilege, is the recipient of many propitiatory gifts from the timid Bodighars, who hold him in great awe, not only for his sanctity but for his supposed acquaintance with the "black art." Such is the power of self-esteem!

For, if we follow the Toda through his peaceful, pastoral life, from the quaint ceremonials which herald his birth to the weird rites performed over his lifeless body, we shall find that he no more deserves the title of "Lord of the Soil" than does the Pálál his reputation as a master of the "black art." The Toda is, in fact, too indolent to exert himself: his favourite occupation is doing nothing, and he does *that* well!

This is a Toda dwelling built on the side of a hill.

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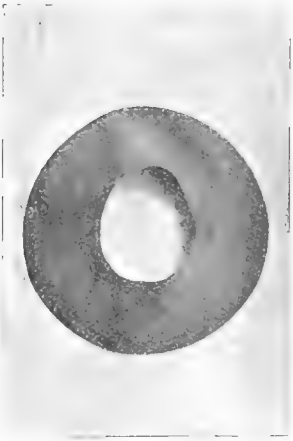
A CHAPEAUGRAPHIC ARTIST

OR

THE WAY TO MAKE A HAT MAKE A MAN.



The Chapeau.

Folded.

CHAPEAUGRAPHY, or the art of representing individuals and "types" by means of their distinctive headgears, is so simple, so easily learnt, and so capable of affording amusement, that numbers of our readers might well rejoice at

The Artist.

A Coalheaver.

Peter Simple.

Buffalo Bill.

Google

Actor "touching up."

A Jester.

A Toreador.

A Laughing Monk.

the opportunity which the accompanying illustrations present of studying it. Nothing whatever is required beyond a piece of properly prepared felt, and, perhaps, a stick of black grease-paint. With practice the piece of felt can be twisted and folded with almost limitless variation. The beginner must have a looking-glass in which to see that the hat is correctly folded and

A Pedagogue.

A Monk and a Fly.

A Spanish General.

Pierrot

Google

A Gendarme.

An Inquisitor.

A Dustman.

A Snuff-Taker.

adjusted on the head. Very careful attention, too, should be given to the expression of the face, and appropriate attitudes and gestures should be practised. The painstaking "Chapeaugraphist" can play a charade, or even emulate Fregoli in a very little time.

There is also this very great advantage in Chapeaugraphy, that it can be quietly and quickly learnt. Delightful as

A Piper.

A Welsh Striker.

A Chinaman.

A Monk.

Google

An Old Irishman.

Napoleon I.

The Iron Duke.

An Armenian.

the violin, or the piano, or the cornet may be in the hands of an artist, there is always the reflection that the excellence we enjoy has been obtained at the expense of long suffering relations, who had to endure hours of practising. The artist who posed to the Science and Art Photographic Company, South Shields, for the photos which we give was Mr. H. C. Ward, an amateur, and the whole series was completed within an hour and a half.

A Priest.

A Witch.

A Magician.

A Salvationist.

Google

By Archibald Marshall.

I.

Elijah P. Jopp was an American from "way down" somewhere, but exactly where doesn't matter. He was in the show line, and had got hold of a real paying freak. This was nothing less than a dragon; not a crocodile, nor an alligator faked up with green paint and gilding, but a genuine mediæval, fire-breathing, princessivorous dragon, with a voice that could be heard ten miles off when it wasn't muzzled, and an appetite like a Gatling gun.

Elijah P. Jopp found a curious looking egg.

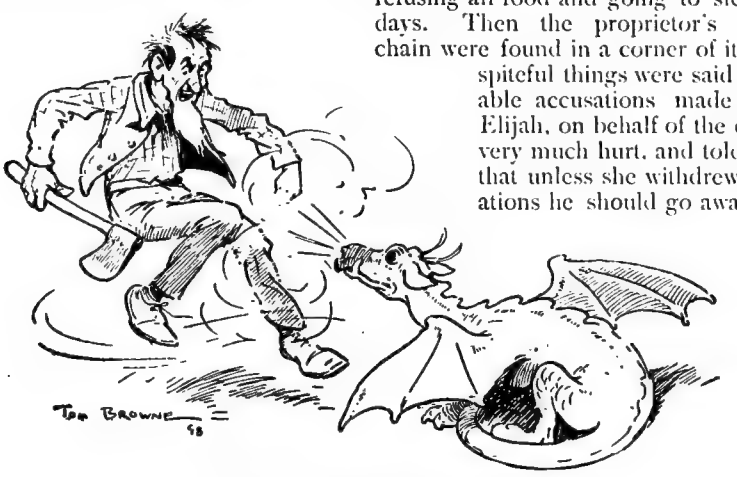
Elijah P. Jopp had found a curious looking egg one morning when he was prospecting for gold in an unknown part of the country. He would have been better pleased if he had found a nugget, but, if he had only known it, that egg was going to prove worth fifty nuggets to him. He was at first minded to throw it away, but his lucky star saved him, and he put it in his pocket. He knew nothing about eggs, or he would not have done what he did next; but here, again, his lucky star stood him in good stead, for, when he returned home a few months later in a very bad temper, owing to his not having found the gold mine for which he had been looking, he put the egg in an incubator.

He had carried it in his pocket for four months. For all he knew, it had been lying where he found it for four months before that, though, as a matter of fact, it had been lying there for rather more than a thousand years. The chances were against the incubator making anything of a job of the hatching, but, what with Elijah knowing nothing about incubators, and the incubator being equally ignorant on the subject of dragons' eggs, the experiment was successful, and in due time the egg was hatched.

Its first meal was off its fellow lodgers in the incubator; it then burnt its way through the inflammable part of its foster mother and was free. Elijah was at first inclined to

Google

administer capital punishment for these offences, and would have done so if he had known how to set to work. He did make an attempt with a hatchet, but the infant dragon blew its nose and Elijah retired with his trousers singed and his legs scorched. He judged it wiser not to come to close quarters after that, but retired into the house and fetched his revolver. The first bullet flattened itself on the dragon's steely hide, the second glanced off and found a billet in the eye of Elijah's cow. He then decided to forgive the dragon, which bore no offence, and indeed liked its owner none the worse, imagining that Elijah's attempts on its life with his hatchet



Elijah retired with his trousers singed.

and revolver were intended simply as an amusement for its unoccupied hours.

It soon became tame and followed him about like a dog. He did not let it eat out of his hand, for it would probably have made a meal off that member in more senses than one, and besides, it always cooked its food by breathing on it before satisfying its appetite, which caused Elijah to become proficient in throwing, as he found it advisable to make a habit of feeding his pet at a range of about fifty yards.

It was fortunate that the dragon attached itself to Elijah, or trouble might have ensued, but it had a soft and engaging disposition, and after a time he could do anything with it, and even punished it by means of a crowbar when the infant mortality of the village began to attract the attention of the Insurance offices. This was in the dragon's early days. By the time that Elijah had got it sufficiently under control to join a travelling circus at a large salary, it had settled down into quite a respectable member of the animal world and was content to accept whatever sustenance was offered to it instead of helping itself.

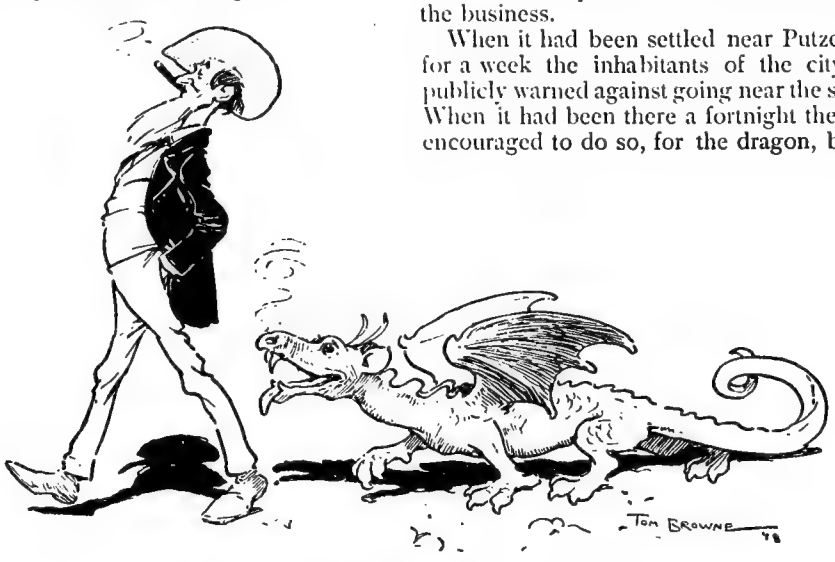
Elijah toured with the circus in his native country for some time, and made quite a nice little sum of money. Finally the concern was broken up by the disappearance of the proprietor. There was nothing to account for it. Business had been good, and domestic relations all that could be desired. The theory of suicide was scouted on all sides; besides, where was the body? Elijah's dragon showed its grief at the untimely occurrence by refusing all food and going to sleep for two days. Then the proprietor's watch and chain were found in a corner of its cage, and spiteful things were said and regretable accusations made against it. Elijah, on behalf of the dragon, was very much hurt, and told the widow that unless she withdrew her insinuations he should go away and start a little circus of his own. The widow refused to withdraw, so Elijah did, and made more money as his own manager than he had ever made in his life before.

About five years after the dragon was hatched, Elijah P. Jopp found himself making an extended tour through the Continent of Europe and drawing crowded houses at whatever place he and the dragon went through their performance. The dragon was Elijah's best friend now, and had been trained to do a lot of showy tricks. Elijah would fill his pipe and the dragon would light it for him. Elijah would then take a piece of iron, hold it in the dragon's breath until it became red hot and hammer it into a horseshoe, using the dragon's back as an anvil. A live sheep was brought on to the stage, there was a strong smell of small houses at dinner time, and the sheep had disappeared. The dragon would finish up the entertainment by roaring (by kind permission of the Mayor and

Google

Corporation), and the local aurist would retire to a villa in the country in less than a twelvemonth.

Elijah and the dragon were very happy together, and were simply coining money, when one fine morning, after a successful performance in a little town in the Black Forest, which they reached by this time, Elijah woke up to find that the dragon had disappeared. He ran round the little town ringing his hands, and the crier did the same with a bell, but nobody had seen or heard anything of the dragon. One of the burgomasters had missed his wife, but that was all. He behaved in a gentlemanly manner about it and made no fuss, but even if he had claimed damages, there was nothing to connect the dragon with the mishap. No tidings came from the country round. The dragon had simply disappeared.



It soon became tame and followed him about like a dog.

Elijah was a very unhappy man. It was not so much the loss of his income that troubled him, for by the help of the dragon he had already made his pile. It was the loss of his friend, his constant companion, his fireside, so to speak, and all that made life worth living to him. With the indomitable will of his countrymen he set out on a search for his dragon, but he went with a heavy heart, for sharper than its own teeth was the pang that its desertion had caused him

II.

The dragon, in the meantime, travelling by easy stages and picking up a fair living by the way, had arrived at the kingdom of Dummeleutia and set up house in a convenient swamp a few miles from the royal city of Putzenheim. Its presence in the neighbourhood soon began to be felt, and the land in the vicinity of the swamp began to lose value as a site for building purposes. The dragon, freed from its civilising intercourse with Elijah, reverted to the habits of its ancestors and mopped up the surplus population of the kingdom of Dummeleutia with surprising celerity. It had entirely lost the popularity which it had gained under the wise control of its master, and was now looked upon as something little better than an embarrassment. As a freak in a museum it had been a decided success. As a fatal indisposition and a cemetery rolled into one, it overdid the business.

When it had been settled near Putzenheim for a week the inhabitants of the city were publicly warned against going near the swamp. When it had been there a fortnight they were encouraged to do so, for the dragon, becoming lonely through lack of society, made an expedition, and saved one or two worthy citizens the expense of a funeral. After a month's experience of its healthy appetite matters became serious, and the standing army of Dummeleutia was sent out to engage the monster. They marched away from Putzenheim one summer's morning, banners flying and trumpets braying, and by dint of forced marches arrived at the swamp about teatime. The dragon was delighted. It had been left so much to itself that it was quite down in the mouth. By nightfall half the brave and gallant army of Dummeleutia were down in the mouth, too, and the other six had returned to Putzenheim to resign their commissions.

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Then the king took counsel of his advisers, and issued the following proclamation:

WANTED!

A ST. GEORGE TO SLAY THE DRAGON.

REWARD

As Usual: Daughter's Hand and Half Kingdom.

FERDINAND R.

The neighbouring kingdoms were thrown into great excitement by this proclamation, which was spread far and wide. Princes by the score came thronging into the royal city of Putzenheim and were entertained night after night with costly banquets by the king. But by the end of the month the palace had settled down again to its usual state of meat teas and board wages. Some of the princes had seen the dragon, others had seen the princess. In either case the result was the same. Not one of them had got any further than a nodding acquaintance with the redoubtable beast. They had lost interest in its habits after that, and had either run away or else tried to. The princes had failed.

Then came the turn of the cranks. They didn't want royal banquets and were not so expensive to entertain in other ways. One said he was a magician and could exorcise the dragon. No one knew quite what he meant, but it was generally agreed afterwards that the dragon had done most of the exorcising. Another said he could charm it out of the kingdom by his flute-playing. He might have succeeded with the dragon, but as he insisted on practising beforehand, the inhabitants saved him the trouble of trying and deprived the brute of a meal at the same time.

The enterprising vendor of a patent rat poison then tried his hand. He waived his claim to the princess, having a wife on hand already, but said he could make use of the other part of the reward. He was willing to supply the goods required gratis, as an advertisement. He sent one of his travellers to start operations with a hundred tins. The traveller saturated a sheep and left it near the dragon's home in the swamp. The dragon had been a trifle indisposed for a few days, but managed to make away with the sheep. The poison seemed to revive it, much to the chagrin of the traveller, and it became more of a nuisance than before. The traveller wired to headquarters for a thousand tins, and dressed an ox with the condiment. The dragon swallowed the spiced beef with avidity, and found out who

One said he was a magician and could exorcise the dragon.

Google

was responsible for the treat, the traveller having waited to see the effect of the dose. An advertisement was put into the papers by the firm for a pushing agent to take the traveller's place, and the cost of eleven hundred tins, with a small pension for his widow, was written off the books. The cranks had failed.

Another meeting of the council was called. "We can't go on like this," said the Lord Chamberlain. "Half the army is gone, and the factories are being closed. Your majesty must act, and act promptly."

"We *have* acted," said the king, "and nothing has come of it. We have offered a very large reward—our daughter and the half of our kingdom. We have done all we can." The king always spoke of himself in the plural. He thought it very fine.

"There is one thing that is always done in these cases that has *not* been done," said the Lord Chamberlain.

"What is it?" asked the king.

"The princess must be sacrificed."

The king grew thoughtful. "Do you really think so?" he asked.

"It is the only course left to us."

"It doesn't seem a bad idea," said the king. "But we are not quite sure how her Royal Highness might take it."

"Your Majesty can command."

"Yes—there is that. We can command—of course. We say, Sploschstein, just come here a minute. *You'll* break it to her, won't you?"

"Well, your Majesty, it would come better from you, I think."

"Oh, Sploschstein, just think of a father's feelings."

"If the worst came to the worst, we could mobilise the army to take her along, couldn't we?"

"Do you think there is enough of it left?"

"What, six brawny men—the gallant army of Dummeleutia not enough to take one old——"

"We beg your pardon?"

"I mean one simple maiden a couple of miles?"

The king tucked up his robes and scuttled back.

"Well, we should think it might do, perhaps. You arrange it all, Sploschstein, just as you think best. We must be off now. We've just to go round the corner to see a man about a dog. Goodbye."

The Lord Chamberlain pulled himself together and went to interview the princess. She tumbled to the idea directly, much to his relief. She liked the idea of the white robe, and the flowers, and the weeping maidens, and being allowed to choose what she liked for breakfast; she was a sentimental woman, and had little doubt that a St. George would turn up in the nick of time to save her from the dragon and marry her afterwards. They had no trouble with her at all.

The king objected at first to having to fall on her neck before leaving her to the dragon—he wanted the whole thing over as quickly as possible—but it was pointed out to him that if he didn't do his part he would spoil the whole performance, so he consented.

The ceremony went off very well. The stage manager of the Royal Opera House arranged the details and was congratulated on his success by the whole of the Press. They got together a dozen virgins to strew flowers in the way, and the station master's little daughter offered the princess a magnifi-

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cent bouquet of choice hothouse blooms. There was a band, but the less said about that the better. The princess enjoyed herself thoroughly.

She was more popular than she had ever been in her life. The whole population of Putzenheim turned out to see the last of her, but the concourse thinned off a bit as they neared the swamp. However, nothing was seen of the dragon.

The proceedings were a little hurried when they reached the margin of the swamp, but the princess was duly chained to a tree—she would have preferred a rock if there had been one—and then the king tucked up his robes and scuttled back to his royal city as fast as his legs would carry him, followed by the Lord Chamberlain and the rest of the cast.

III.

The king reached the palace first and went in by the back door, as his feet were rather muddy. As he passed through the kitchen the servant told him that a man was waiting to see him in the passage by the umbrella stand.

"What is his name?" asked the king.

The servant wiped her hand on her apron and produced a card. On it was printed:

ST. GEORGE.

"He has come," said the king. "We knew he would. Show him into the best parlour and light the stove."

The king went upstairs to change his boots, and then went down into the parlour to receive his honoured guest.

"Saint George, we believe," he said politely, as he entered the room.

"That's so," said the stranger. He was a tall, thin man with a goatee beard. He was dressed in a suit of broadcloth and had deposited a stovepipe hat on the table by his side.

"You have called, we believe, about that little matter of the dragon."

"I guess you've about figured it out correct."

'You are prepared to rid our kingdom of this pestilent monster?"

'I'm prepared to do it right now, terms being satisfactory."

"You insist on the reward, do you?"

"You bet."

"I thought, perhaps, being in that line of business——"

"Won't do, Ferdy. Where's the gal?"

"Well, unfortunately, we have just led her out to die, but——"

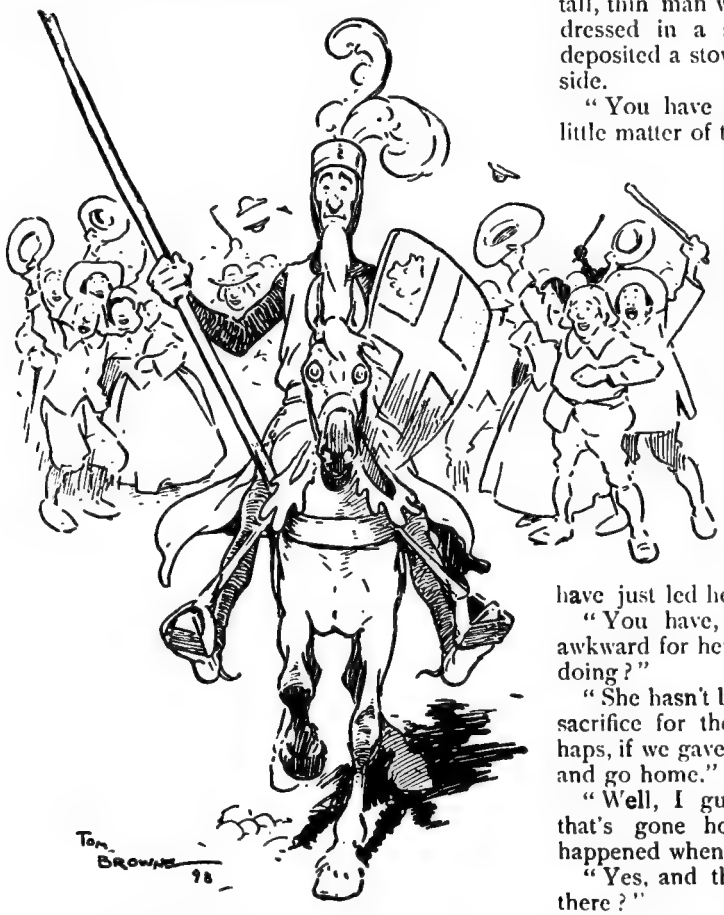
"You have, have you? That's mighty awkward for her. What's the poor girl been doing?"

"She hasn't been doing anything. She's a sacrifice for the dragon. We thought, perhaps, if we gave her up it might be satisfied and go home."

"Well, I guess it won't be the dragon that's gone home. We shall see what's happened when I get there."

"Yes, and there's no particular hurry, is there?"

"Depends. Got a map of her face?"



The populace turned out to see him.

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"We have a photograph taken by a travelling artist a month ago."

"Bring it right here."

The king left the room to comply with the saint's request, and returned with a carte-de-visite of the princess.

The saint took it. A spasm of pain passed across his face and he grew pale.

"So that's the princess, is it? No, I guess old fire-bellows can wait till to-morrow. Now what about the kingdom? Got the books handy?"

"The Accountant-General has them," said the king. "He will be happy to show them to you, we have no doubt. You will find them all right, we think."

"I guess I'll just step round and see the gentleman," said St. George. "There's no hurry. If everything's satisfactory, I'll sail in and settle old blowhard to-morrow, and take over half the concern then."

The king had no objection. He directed the saint to the Accountant-General's house. "Sauerkrautstrasse," he said, "the third house. It's called 'Braeside.'"

"It would be," said the saint. He put on his hat and the king let him out by the front door.

The Accountant-General was pleased to see his distinguished visitor. He had kept the books of the kingdom for many years, and had everything in apple-pie order. St. George was the first of the applicants for the reward who had taken the precaution to form an estimate of what it might tot up to in pounds, shillings, and pence. He was closeted with the Accountant-General until late at night and went into every detail.

"Well," he said when the scrutiny was finished, "I guess there's money in it. It ain't been worked proper. That's going to begin to-morrow. What the firm wants is push, and I'm the man to make things hum."

He said good-night to the Accountant-General and went back to his hotel. He had declined the king's offer of a bed in the palace, thinking it as well not to make himself too cheap.

The next morning he unpacked a suit of armour and put it on. The livery stable supplied him with a charger at half-a-crown the first hour and two shillings an hour after that. The populace turned out to see him off, but he declined all offers of company and rode towards the swamp alone.

"I guess I'll give the old beast something for clearing out like that," he said to himself as he rode along. "But he'll be pleased to see his old master again. Kill him? Not quite. But I'll see that he don't break out again."

As he neared the swamp he caught sight of one solitary, blasted tree. It was the one to which the princess had been tied. Of her there was no sign, but at the foot of the tree was stretched the glittering form of the dragon.

Elijah P. Jopp, for St. George was no other than that intrepid American, approached it with a beating heart, calling out the many endearing names he had given to his pet during the time of their companionship. The dragon slowly moved its scaly tail, but did not bound towards him as he had expected. Elijah's heart sank, and putting spurs to his horse he galloped up and dismounted at the foot of the tree. The dragon turned a fast glazing eye upon him, and would have licked his hand if it had not been trained never to do so. It was plain that it would not live many minutes. Elijah threw himself on the ground in a passion of grief, and took its heavy head on to his lap.

Over that last harrowing scene a veil must be drawn. In a quarter of an hour Elijah rose again, and wiping away his tears mounted his horse and rode slowly back to Putzenheim, leaving the dragon dead on the grass. The poor beast had eaten the princess, and, in spite of its iron constitution, had succumbed to a severe fit of indigestion.

There was great rejoicing when St. George rode into the city in all his glittering, bright array, and announced that the scourge of Dummeleutia had been slain by his hand. Nobody suspected the truth, and nobody grumbled because he had come too late to save the princess. She had not been popular, and all the eligible bachelors had gone about in fear and trembling as long as she was alive. Now they breathed freely. The deed of partnership between Elijah and the king was drawn up and signed the next day.

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AFTER THE ACCIDENT
THE RISKS WE RUN.

No. I.

By Jeffery Denison.

I.

It is astonishing what a fascination appears to surround the scene of a terrible disaster. Whether it be railway collision, landslip, flood, or cyclone, there are always hundreds of people ready to travel long distances, and to put themselves to almost any inconvenience, so that they may be able to tell their friends they have witnessed the scene of the catastrophe. This is particularly noticeable in the case of a big London fire. For days after a disaster of this kind has occurred the desolate and blackened scene is visited by thousands of people of all classes and conditions and ages, and the sale of photographs showing the damage wrought by the disaster is astonishingly large in provincial towns and rural districts.

So interesting, indeed, is the subject, that we have collected a large number of photographs from different parts of the world showing the after-effects of some terrible catastrophes. To commence at home, it is a long time since a disaster has occurred in London of such magnitude as the great City fire of November last. Whole streets were destroyed in an alarmingly short space of time, and but for the fact that the fire broke out during the luncheon hour, the district of Jewin Street would have become a veritable death-trap to hundreds of men and women who found employment in the doomed warehouses and offices.

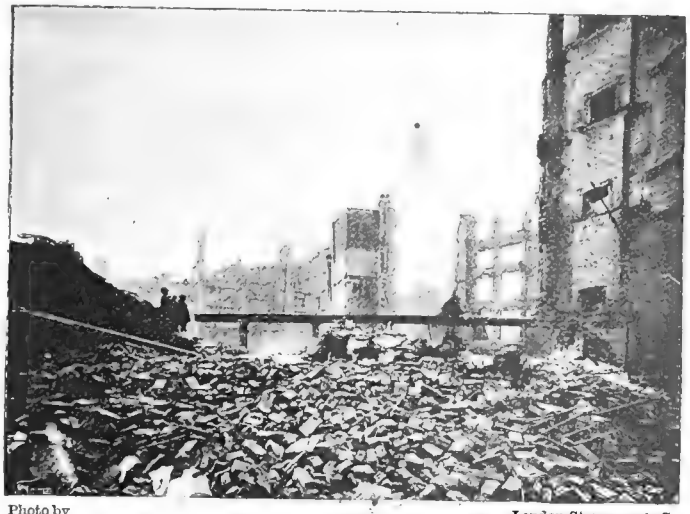

Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

After the Great Jewin Street Fire.

A magnificent pile of warehouses stood where the bricks are heaped.

The magnitude of the disaster can be easily realised by a glance at the photographs which we publish. The first one shows the general effect after the fire. What was before a pile of magnificent warehouses and workshops, forming a perfect hive of industry, is now a

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Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

This Illustrates the Remarkable Escape of Old Cripplegate Church.

desolate scene of ruin and destruction. The other photograph is perhaps the more interesting, as it shows the almost miraculous escape of Old Cripplegate Church. This historic building remained practically undamaged, although the huge buildings all round were completely razed to the ground. The photograph shows the condition of the churchyard immediately after the fire.

Another London fire of less magnitude but of far greater interest was that of the Metropolitan Tabernacle in April last. This Mecca of the Baptists had been the scene for thirty years or more of the labours of the most original and powerful preacher of the century. Its destruction was indeed a calamity, for the Metropolitan Tabernacle had come to be looked upon almost as a national building. Our photograph, taken the day after the fire, shows how completely the interior of the famous building was destroyed; scarce a vestige of the interior remained.

Happily there are few disasters to record in this country other than fires. But in America more damage is done by cyclones and tornadoes than by all other forms of catastrophe combined. Look, for instance, at our photograph of the main street of St. Louis after the great cyclone of two years ago. Business was proceeding as usual on the fatal morning, and there was little unusual to be noticed in the conditions of the atmosphere. But suddenly, and without previous warning of any kind, a cyclone struck the chief city of Missouri, and wrecked the greater part of it. Trains were derailed by the hurricane, trolley-cars were lifted from their tracks and dashed

Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

The Interior of the Metropolitan Tabernacle after the Fire.

Spurgeon preached there for thirty years or more.

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against the houses, people were taken from their feet and thrown a hundred yards away. Scarcely a building remained undamaged. The large hotels of eight or nine storeys collapsed as though they were constructed of matchwood, and hundreds of people were killed by falling buildings. Business was almost entirely suspended for a week after the catastrophe, and, indeed, there were scarcely any buildings in the trail of the cyclone at all fit for business occupation. The main street of the great city was little more than a mass of ruins, and in many cases vast buildings were completely razed to the ground.

A cyclone, as its name implies, is a terrible wind which travels at great speed along a spiral course, whilst a tornado is simply a terrific hurricane; but as far as the effects go there is little to choose between them. The

Stereo-photo by Underwood.
This shows the main street of St. Louis after the cyclone.

tornado that swept over Louisville in 1893 was a remarkable and fearful example of the destruction a strong wind can effect. In this case all the buildings in the line of the hurricane were completely wrecked. The great Union Depôt, or General Railway Station, was reduced to a mass of splinters, as will be seen by our photograph.

Another building which was destroyed was the Church of the Sacred Heart. But here a remarkable thing occurred. Although the walls were thrown down, the roof carried away, the floor torn up, and the pillars twisted and broken, the beautiful statue of the Virgin, which stood upon the High Altar, remained in its position, and was absolutely uninjured. This fact was looked upon by devout Catholics as an undoubted miracle, and the image, which now stands in a new and more pretentious church, is the object of greater reverence than ever.

We give one other photograph taken after

Stereo-photo by Underwood.
The Union Depôt of Louisville after the tornado seemed an assortment of matchwood and scrap iron.

the Louisville tornado. It shows a wild swan that had been caught by the wind, and hurled to the ground, where it lay dead amid the *débris* of trees and houses. This incident is remarkable from the fact that wild birds are said to have an intuitive knowledge of the approach of a tornado or cyclone, and they usually make their escape before its arrival.

Stereo-photo by Underwood.
The Church of the Sacred Heart was destroyed.

Landslides are not unknown in this country, but the greatest and most remarkable landslide that has taken place in recent years,

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occurred amongst the White Mountains of New Hampshire some eight or nine years ago. One of our photographs shows the scene of the disaster before the land commenced to move. The boulder, fixed between the overhanging crags of rock, was regarded as one of the most interesting natural sights of America. It had been in its precarious position from time immemorial. The Indians declared that it had been there for hundreds of moons before the white man came to their country.

Stereo-photo by Underwood.

An incident of the Louisville tornado. The bird was caught in its flight and killed.

One day, some eight or nine years ago, there

Stereo-photo by Underwood.

Valley before the landslip. This boulder had hung in Crawford Notch for centuries.

was a rumbling sound, and the cliff on the north side of Crawford Notch, as the ravine was called, slid with a crash into the chasm and valley below. A large farm was completely covered by the falling earth and rock, and no trace of the buildings can now be found, as will be seen by our photograph. Crawford Notch no longer exists. The remarkable change which has taken place in the landscape will be realised by comparing our two pictures of the scene.

Perhaps great floods are more to be dreaded than any other forms of disaster. Not only are buildings destroyed, railway tracks torn up, and crops and trees carried away, but the after-effects are far more calamitous than in the case of a cyclone or a fire.

One of the most terrible floods, within the past ten years, was that which occurred at Johnstown, in Pennsylvania, in 1889. The town lay in a valley with high hills on either side. At the far end of the valley a vast reservoir had been constructed to supply Johnstown and a number of smaller towns in the district with water. One day the dam, which must have been sadly neglected by the local officials, burst suddenly, and the enormous volume of water which the reservoir contained rushed down the valley like a torrent, carrying everything before it. A thousand people lost their lives in a moment,

Stereo-photo by Underwood.

This is the Crawford Notch after the landslip. A large farm was buried.

and for days the valley was converted into a huge lake of mud and water. Many of the bodies were carried by the force of the water up on to the highlands above the town.

A train, coming into the town, was met

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near the stone bridge which spans the valley by the on-rushing torrent, and was completely wrecked, as shown in one of our photographs. Nothing remained after the water had subsided but a pile of *débris*. Another of our illustrations shows the general appearance of the fair valley after the flood. No town is to be seen —nothing but a mass of splintered wood and broken stone to mark the site of a once prosperous hive of industry and life.

Stereo-photo by Underwood.
This is Johnstown after the bursting of the great reservoir.

We are able to publish a very curious photograph taken after the disaster. It is that of a brick building which survived the rush of waters. When the photograph was taken the house stood in solitary grandeur amid a square mile of splinters and mud. But the house did not pass uninjured, although it survived the rush of water. A large tree, growing by the side of the house, was uprooted, and, being driven by the waters, crashed through the side of the house and fell into one of the rooms.

Stereo-photo by Underwood.
This house alone withstood the flood, but a tree growing alongside was forced through the outer wall.

Johnstown does not seem to have learnt a lesson by its terrible experience, for the old reservoir has been repaired and stands in exactly the same place as before. The present dam is, of course, a more powerful one than its predecessor, but there is always the awful possibility of a repetition of the calamity of 1889.

Of the results of a railway accident we publish two very remarkable photographs. This accident took place some four or five years ago between Gomshall and Chilworth on the Reading branch of the South Eastern Railway. A heavily laden goods train had mounted an incline to a point where the track descended again, when one of the couplings in the middle of the train gave way and the engine with the earlier waggons went down the hill. The other half of the train slowed down for a moment, but having turned the top of the incline, rushed down after its predecessor. No brakes being applied, it gradually gained momentum, until it dashed with terrific force into the first half of the train, the whole of the waggons being mixed up in an almost inextricable mass of *débris*. Had the train carried passengers instead of goods, it is practically certain that

Stereo-photo by Underwoo
A train was entering Johnstown as the reservoir burst, with the above result.

Google

Photo by J. Lloyd, Albury.

At the crest of a hill a goods train broke in half. The back portion, at first left behind, gathered impetus and, following, dashed into the front half. This is the back half, and——

not one would have escaped death. The first photograph shows that portion of the train where the impact was first felt, and the other illustration shows how the engine and front waggons were derailed and hurled down the embankment.

One curious fact with respect to railway accidents is the effect of the shock on the nerves. Instances are on record of the victim of a railway "smash" emerging from the ruin unscathed and apparently unharmed. Not the slightest effect is felt at the time or for days or even weeks or months afterwards. Suddenly the entire nervous system breaks down, and the victim is prostrated and finds himself in an infinitely worse condition than numbers of those who had suffered severe outward injury, and probably enjoyed the solatium of a substantial amount by way of compensation.

Claims for compensation always follow very closely in the wake of a railway accident, and often enough the companies are wilfully defrauded. It is a fact that on one occasion a slight collision occurred to a train standing in a station, A number of passengers, who at the time happened to be in the refreshment room, hearing the noise, ran out, and observing what had happened, commenced wringing their hands and declaring they were in a state of nervous prostration. Curiously enough one and all had sufficient sense or sensibility left to insist on the station-master taking their names and addresses for the purposes of obtaining some compensation.

On the face of it one would have imagined that such ridiculous claims would have been resisted as fraudulent. Railway companies, however, have found that in the long run it is more economical to enter into negotiations rather than go to law, and finally to pay up and look as pleasant as possible.

Photo by J. Lloyd, Albury.

—— this is the front half.

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If he doesn't come I must go.

Ah! here he is.

I must put on my best smile.

This is the matinée hat

—I am rather an authority on millinery

Google

and on dogs.

What I don't know about dogs,

bulldogs, for instance,

and fox terriers,

isn't worth knowing;

and as for crocodiles,

I love them

—dead.

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Then I have a famous collection of toys for grown-up children.

See how I make this frog climb up a ladder, for instance.

This is the hat I wore when I met with that memorable cab accident.

By the way, would you like to see me use the electrophone?

Saves no end of time.

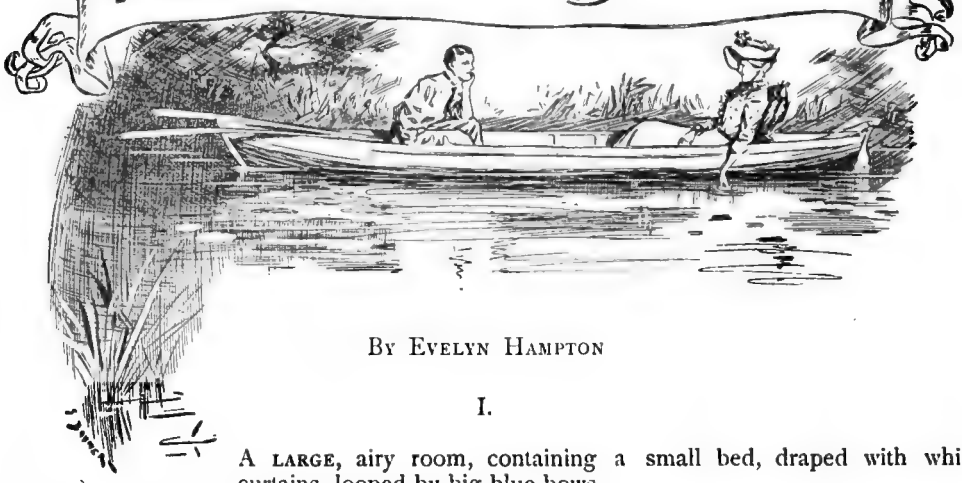
Hullo! What's this?

I must go.

Goodbye.

Google

THE COACHMAN'S DAUGHTER



By Evelyn Hampton

I.

A large, airy room, containing a small bed, draped with white curtains, looped by big blue bows.

Evidently a girl's room this, from the numerous photographs, ball programmes, and cotillon trophies bedecking the walls, to say nothing of numerous looking-glasses, placed so as to reveal side and back views of the fair inhabitant.

A rich girl, and a spoilt girl, too, judging by the luxurious furniture, costly scents, and silver ornaments strewing her dressing table.

The early morning sun is streaming in at the open window, for the blind has been left half drawn up overnight. A figure under the white canopy stirs, two large blue eyes open, and blink several times before wandering to the clock on the mantelpiece.

"Half-past five!" says a sleepy voice.

For a few moments the figure lies absolutely still, then the girl raises herself, and draws a deep breath of content as she looks at the sun.

"Fancy staying in bed a glorious morning like this! Why, it is positively iniquitous!"

The sheets are whirled away, and a lithe young figure flits to the window. Outside the view is exquisite. A sloping lawn, gay with borders of bright-coloured blossom; and beyond the green grass and gravel paths flows the silvery Thames, its waters glittering in the sunlight.

Phyllis Fitzjerome, leaning with her elbows on the sill, drinks in the pure air, while the animal spirits of youth course through her veins.

"How I should love a swim!" she thinks; "to glide through the water unseen, unheard, unsuspected! It is so terribly old-fashioned of father to object to my bathing in the river. I may swim as much as I like when we are at the seaside, because other people do; but here, because it isn't the fashion, and no one does it, I am strictly forbidden the privilege of a dip. Let me see. Half-past five. Father won't be called before eight, nor Aunt Laura until nine o'clock. They will never know."

With a light laugh, joyfully Phyllis takes a pretty blue serge bathing dress from the depths of a large ottoman, and equips herself for a swim. The garment—braided in white, and made for Trouville—suits her to perfection.

Her eyes dance with mischief, and her hair waves in clouds of gold, as with silent tread she creeps downstairs bare-footed, and steals across the lawn to the landing-stage.

Oh! what bliss to be out in the scented garden, her pink toes buried in dew and daisies, her arms, unfettered, swinging at her sides, and only the birds for witnesses.

She tosses a kiss from the tips of her fingers in the direction of Mr. Fitzjerome's room, and shrugs her shoulders disdainfully.

"How shocked he would be—and as to Aunt Laura, poor soul! I dare not picture her feelings; and then she is so nervous of the river."

For several moments Phyllis sat basking in the sun on the steps of the landing-stage;

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then she slipped into the water, making no more sound than a water rat, and away—away—with strong, untiring strokes.

She felt perfectly at home, being an excellent swimmer, and quite sure of herself.

After a good long swim, she returned reluctantly, rosy and glowing from the exercise.

Just as she regained the steps, in the distance she espied a light rowing skiff, apparently drifting down stream.

Glancing again, she perceived a man's figure, evidently poring over a book, the attitude of his back being distinctly serious.

"Good gracious, what a book-worm the creature must be," she said to herself, dabbling her feet in the water from the steps, "Imagine beginning this time in the morning—imagine studying print, when nature is at it's best. Oh!" shaking her fist towards the boat, "I should like to splash you."

She stole across the lawn to the landing stage.

There was plenty of time in which to slip back unobserved to the house, but Phyllis elected to act otherwise. The spirit of adventure was upon her, with a strong spice of devilry in it, and a recklessness which was positively refreshing.

She plunged into the water again, and swam towards the boat.

Would he chance to see her, this student of the early morn? Softly the blue-gowned figure made its way through the water, passing the drifting boat boldly.

Though she made no sound, the student looked up, moved by a consciousness that he was being observed. The book fell from his hands as he caught the flash of her bright eyes.

As Phyllis met the glance she wished she had been prudent enough to make good her escape, for the book-worm was quite young—young as herself, while the boyish face lit up with amusement and admiration.

"I'm afraid I nearly ran you down," he said apologetically. "I was not steering, and I didn't see you."

His voice was reassuring and deferential; it rather pleased Phyllis.

"Oh, no, she replied; "I saw you long ago."

"It must be splendid swimming about, but are you sure you won't get tired? Can I be of any service? Have you far to go?"

"Any more questions?" asked Phyllis saucily.

The young man flushed.

"I—I beg you pardon," he stammered. "I did not mean to be rude."

The girl burst out laughing. She felt so light-hearted, that conventionality flew to the winds.

The boat continued to drift down, and she turned to swim back. "I have not far to go, after all, you see," she said, making for the landing stage.

"Do you live in that lovely old house?" he asked. "It is the prettiest place on the Thames."

Phyllis hesitated before replying, and changed to the side stroke. "It will never do for him to find out who I am," she thought, "father would be furious; and, of course, I've no right to be talking to a stranger, especially in my bathing-gown at this lonely hour. He might tell people."

A vision of their numerous acquaintances in the neighbourhood rose before her eyes.

Then she answered shyly: "Well, I live there, in a way, you see, but no one knows I bathe; Mr. Fitzjerome would not approve of it. I am the coachman's daughter. We have very picturesque rooms over the stable, with a nice river view. I take French leave, and make use of the lawn. My father would lose his place if it were known."

The young man was taking stock of the mermaid's beauty. It surprised him that she

Google

should possess so refined a voice, and such delicate, aristocratic features.

"Do you always come out in the early morning?" he asked, and his voice was less shy now.

"Do *you?*" she queried in reply, growing bold in her new part of coachman's daughter.

"Yes; I am trying to pass an exam., and cramming awfully hard. I go to town every morning to be coached, and I work late, and get up early, for it seems easier reading out of doors."

"Still you like it," she said.

"Not a bit! I am sick of working, but I shall bring my books out to-morrow morning, and I wish, instead of bathing, you would let me take you for a row."

Phyllis positively gasped at the daring of this suggestion. Then she remembered the position she had adopted, and, for this youth's sake, forgave him.

"Well, perhaps, I'll think about it; but it would not do for the Fitzjeromes to discover it, they are very particular people."

"So I've heard," replied the stranger. "There's the old man, a widower, isn't he, with one daughter?"

"Yes; his sister chaperones Miss Phyllis and keeps house."

"I suppose they have a lot of money. Several fellows I know say the daughter is tremendously spoilt and run after—rather conceited than otherwise."

"Oh, yes," replied the mermaid; "Miss Phyllis is very stuck up, I suppose on account of being so pretty."

"I bet a thousand to one she isn't half as pretty as you."

The swimmer had reached the steps, and he could see the beautiful shape of her arms as they gleamed through the water.

She ignored his remark.

"Miss Phyllis," she declared, "is always most kind and considerate to me."

"Who could help being?"

"You can row away," with a wave of the white arm; "I'm going back to the stables by the side path."

He raised his hat.

"I shall be here to-morrow—on the chance of your honouring me," he said.

She waited till he was out of sight, then skipped across the lawn, her face dimpled with mischievous smiles.

"The coachman's daughter is a very bold, bad girl," she said, "and I should not be the least surprised if she meets him again to-morrow."

CHAPTER II.

Sydney Hamilton knew he was acting foolishly, but had no power to resist the fascinations of the coachman's daughter. The books were almost daily neglected between five and seven in the morning, while he sought the sweet companionship of the early bird, who had not failed once to keep her tryst.

Then, when later he wooed study, a bright face, with laughing eyes, ever disturbed his suit, the memory of which lingered unfailingly in his mind.

Phyllis enjoyed the mischief to her heart's content, for this free and easy companionship was something new to the carefully-guarded girl. She had told him to call her "Floss"—it seemed a suitable sort of name for the *rôle* she had undertaken.

One morning they were drifting lazily down stream, Sydney resting on his oars, Phyllis steering, and a pile of unopened books at the bottom of the boat.

"I hear," he said, "there is to be a grand ball up at the house in honour of Miss Fitzjerome's birthday."

"Yes. Some people are lucky!" sighed Floss, drawing down the corners of her mouth.

"A friend of mine, Jack North, was telling me all about it," continued Sydney. "There are to be illuminations. What an ideal garden to illuminate, by Jove! and everything will be done regardless of expense."

"Mr. North seems to know a good deal about it," remarked Floss dryly. "Did he tell you it was to be a masked ball."

"Yes; for he's going, of course, and has offered to take me."

Phyllis let the rudder lines drop, and sat bolt upright.

"Take *you!*" she gasped.

"Yes, me; you don't object surely?"

"I do," retorted the coachman's daughter, two bright tears of vexation coming in her eyes as she thought of the moment of exposure. "You are my friend—you swore to be, that morning, before I ventured into your boat. Have you forgotten your solemn oath so soon?"

"Indeed, no, Floss, dear," and his eyes grew tender as he spoke, "but why should the thought of my going to the dance trouble you? I go to heaps of dances in London, and I assure you it does me no moral harm," he added, with a laugh.

"It isn't that," she protested, interlacing her fingers nervously. "I don't want you to meet Miss Phyllis. You'll be making friends

Google

with her, and forgetting me. I'm jealous of Miss Phyllis, and I won't believe in your friendship or ever meet you again unless you promise to give up the dance."

"Oh, bother Miss Phyllis! I take no interest in her. I hear she is very overrated, and, from all accounts, not my style in the least. I hate the sort of girl who expects every man who crosses her path to fall down and worship. I like my sweet, merry little Floss, with the dimples in her cheeks."

"Yet you are still hankering after this ball."

"Yes; and for a reason I may not say. I know a secret, and I give you my word of honour I am simply going to watch as one would at a play."

"A secret!" Her eyes lit up. "A secret! Oh, Sydney! you *must* tell me!"

"No, it would not be honourable."

Phyllis snapped her fingers in the air.

"What a sentiment to quote to a woman!" she cried, with an hysterical little laugh. "Sydney, can you look in my face, and doubt me when I pledge my word never to repeat the secret if you will give it into my keeping? I shall never believe in you again, never meet you here, never smile to show you the dimples, unless you entrust me with your reason for wishing to attend the Fitzjerome's ball."

She had not once failed to keep her tryst.

Gradually the woman prevailed; and, with fast beating heart, she listened to Sydney's explanation.

"Well—you see," he began, lowering his voice, "North told me, because, in old days, he was a pal of Mrs. Fitzjerome."

"Miss Phyllis's mother?" stammered Floss, thinking sorrowfully of the foreign grave she had never seen.

"Yes; the woman who is supposed to be dead."

"Supposed!" gasped Floss, paling beneath her becoming sunburn. "But Mrs. Fitzjerome died in India some fourteen years ago."

"That is the general idea—the first part of the secret."

"Go on."

The girl's voice sounded strangled.

"Old Fitzjerome is a queer fellow,—awfully proud—and all that, can't endure scandal. Do you guess?"

"Well, when his wife deserted him; he came quietly back to England with his little girl, gave out that his wife had died of fever, and continued the even tenor of his ways, while Mrs. F. amused herself — under an assumed name—at the other side of the globe. I believe even the daughter has been kept in ignorance, and does not suspect her mother's existence.

Phyllis made no remark, for the simple reason that she could not speak. The man's words stunned her, she felt faint, bewildered. It made clear so much which had puzzled her in the past.

"This is why father guards me so rigidly," she thought; "there is the wild strain in the blood, he has always said I resemble my mother."

At last she found her voice.

"It is—very—interesting—" she murmured, almost incoherently.

"But the exciting part is to come," continued Sydney. "Fancy, Mrs. Fitzjerome is in England without her husband's knowledge, and, what's more, she is coming to the ball!"

Phyllis gave a little cry.

"Yes; surprising, isn't it?" said the man. "But then she is a dare-devil woman, and would not stick at anything. She wants to see the old home again, just a whim; or, more likely, she is doing it for a bet. She will be masked, of course; North has promised to point her out to me. I am to look

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He came back to England with his little girl.

for a tall woman in a scarlet domino, wearing a cluster of jasmin on her shoulder. She swears she will dance with her husband without his recognising her. Like the story of Cinderella, she has arranged to escape before twelve, in order to avoid unmasking. A carriage will be waiting at the far gate, beyond the shrubbery, to carry her away. Is it not romantic?"

Phyllis did not answer.

"So you see," he went on, "I am just going to drop in as a spectator, and watch the farce."

"You call it a farce," she said, with flashing eyes; "I call it a tragedy."

"Well, I think yours is the better word," he agreed.

"Sydney," cried Floss excitedly, "you may go to the dance without causing me a single jealous pang, if you will promise to leave before they unmask. I don't want you to see Miss Phyllis, because I know you would fall in love with her."

"I shall not wish to stay after the scarlet domino leaves. I am only going out of curiosity, and afterwards I will tell you all about it."

"You need not trouble," replied Phyllis, in a strange, far-away voice, "for I shall be there, too. Yes," looking up fearlessly into his eyes, "you've given me an idea. I'll masquerade, and they will never recognise me; but more than one domino will have to vanish before twelve."

"Would you dare, Floss?"

"Indeed I would. Don't you know I have a very independent nature? Her voice shook, she had turned strangely pale.

"You look ill," he said. "Is anything the matter?"

"My head aches, and throbs terribly; there must be thunder about. Please row me back quickly. I can't help thinking of poor Miss Phyllis, with such a mother living!"

Two large tears strayed under the coachman's daughter's curling lashes, but she dashed them away with her hand.

"What a sympathetic soul it has!" said Sydney, as if he were speaking to a child.

CHAPTER III.

After that morning Floss did not appear again.

Sydney waited patiently each day, but disappointment followed disappointment.

The examination came off, but his thoughts were with Floss, and he forgot to be anxious as to the result.

As the day of the dance approached, Phyllis Fitzjerome grew strangely nervous and perturbed. Her father noticed this in her, and remarked on it to his sister.

"Yes," said that lady gravely, "I, too, have observed something strange in the dear child's manner. She seems to have something on mind."

As they were talking Phyllis broke into the room excitedly. "How do you like my domino, father, it has just come?

She stood before him in a gown and hood of crimson satin.

"I am going to wear a cluster of jasmin on my left shoulder," she added.

Her father kissed her, and touched the girlish cheek affectionately.

"Why jasmin, Phyllis dear?"

He saw she was unnaturally flushed.

"My favourite flower, father."

"It was your mother's favourite, too."

"Then she would be glad to see me wear it, if she could be at the ball," said Phyllis.

"Her mind is always running on her mother now," he said, as the red domino flitted away; "poor child!"

As Phyllis Fitzjerome (the truant wife)

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drove down to the Thames Valley on the night of her daughter's ball, a strange medley of emotions played upon every string of her physical composition.

This was the drive she had taken as a girl, after a brief honeymoon; and to-night she was to steal like a ghost to the old haunt she had deserted. How would it seem to be back in her home unrecognised?

The carriage had reached the long drive, where a crowd of vehicles moved slowly to the hall door—thrown open before a blaze of light. In the garden a thousand lamps made brightness among the trees; it was an ideal scene.

"And here are assembled all the rank and fashion of the neighbourhood," said the stranger, as she entered her home. "How madly merry they will think a masked ball."

She moved through the large reception rooms, among chat and laughter.

Suddenly a hand was laid on her sleeve, and the well remembered voice of her husband said:

"Look after the people, Phyllis."

She started. Could it be he had recognised her, and spoke in biting sarcasm?

To hide her confusion she laughed—a low, silvery sound like far-away music.

The man dropped her arm.

"You laughed so like your mother then," he added quickly, as he turned away.

While she pondered his words, the second scarlet domino—with the sweet-scented jasmine—came in sight.

"A queer coincidence," murmured the woman; "that must be my little Phyllis, grown up. She is dressed like me, and he mistook us. But can it be chance?"

She furrowed her brow under the black mask, remembering she had confided her secret to Jack North.

"I expect the two red dominos are sisters," came to be a general remark, "they are just the same height and figure."

"Sydney," whispered a voice in Mr. Hamilton's ear.

"Floss!" He turned quickly.

"I knew you," said the girl, "from your blue forget-me-not, picked from the river's edge, I see you have been dancing with the other red domino."

"Yes; your voices are so alike I thought she was you for the moment. Why did you copy her?"

"Less chance of discovery. I'm quaking with fear; but I do think gentlemen make delightful partners. I want you to be sure and come for me at a quarter to twelve, that I may slip away through the garden; we will say good-night at the gate by the scarlet domino's carriage. You won't fail?"

"No; but you must give me many dances first, I have so much to ask you. Why have you suddenly dropped me?"

She waved him aside with an imperial gesture.

"At a quarter to twelve," she repeated, and slipped away in the crowd.

Sydney felt piqued. He did not ask her to dance again, but kept an anxious eye on the clock. A few moments before the appointed time he claimed her. She put her arm through his, and, saying "Come along," hurried towards the garden.

"Shall we sit here?" he suggested, pointing to a seat in shadow.

"No," she answered shortly, and her voice trembled. "Follow me."

He obeyed.

"How do you like my domino, father?"

Google

"See, there are the carriage lights. Mrs. Fitzjerome will be here in a moment."

She drew him behind a large oak tree.

"Do you believe I can make her unmask?"

"No, Floss, I do not."

"Then wait and see. Take that lantern from the bough, and give it to me. Thanks. Hush! I hear footsteps. Stay where you are, and be sure she does not see you."

Alone the masked figure came stealing down the garden path, holding up her skirts, showing scarlet shoes and ankles.

As she approached, Phyllis (the younger), lantern in hand, darted forward.

"Let me see your face," she whispered, "and I will show you mine."

The scarlet dominos stood side by side in the moonlight. There was a painful pause.

The mother knew in whose presence she stood, guessing from her daughter's voice why she asked to see her face.

The lantern shed a bright light on both faces.

"What do you know?" came the brief reply.

"Nothing—it is better, is it not, to know nothing? I only ask to see you—just this once. Oh, have you no wish to see me?"

The girl's voice broke in a strangely pathetic way.

"Yes—Phyllis."

Simultaneously they threw aside their masks—the lantern shed a bright light on both faces. It was a moment of extreme tension.

The older woman's eyes were flashing curiously. The girl, deathly white, looked up, rivetting her gaze on the mother she had believed dead.

They remained without speaking a word, neither hands nor lips meeting—just silently conscious of each other's identity.

The moon sailed majestically behind a cloud, the lantern flickered, and distant voices warned them. One scarlet domino moved away; the other—the other remained.

"Floss, why are you standing there, as if you were turned to stone?"

She turned quickly at the sound of the voice, for which she had learnt to care so much.

"Sydney," she whispered, and before she fully realised his intention he had clasped his arms about her. For an instant she resisted, and then, bending her head, she burst into tears.

"Floss, what is it?" he exclaimed. "It's unnerved you meeting that woman. You shouldn't have come."

The distressed girl made no immediate answer.

"Sydney," she said, abruptly, "she's a bad woman. Oh, I could see it in her face—a hard, selfish woman. And—and her daughter——?"

"It's no fault of hers," he interrupted.

"You think that?" the girl asked. "You really think that? You think no worse of—of Miss Phyllis for her mother?"

"No, no; certainly not; that is, so far as I think of Miss Fitzjerome at all. She's nothing to me. There is someone else I think much, much more of," he added, softly.

Phyllis tried ineffectually to release herself.

"Floss," the young fellow continued, "you know who it is that I think of a million times more than Miss Fitzjerome. I want you to marry me, Floss. You will, sweetheart? Say you will."

"A coachman's daughter, Sydney?" she whispered.

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"The sweetest and best girl in the world, coachman's daughter or not. I've been ploughed for the exam., Floss. Your face danced between the lines, and—oh, but I'll pass it next shot, if you'll only promise me a great big promise."

"Sydney, I must be going. I've been here so long, and—let me go, please let me go."

"But the promise?"

"To-morrow morning. Just as before by the edge of the lawn. If you ask me I'll answer you whilst we're on the river. Now you must let me go. You — you can go back to the house, if you like. I'll let you off your promise. I — I want you to go in and — and in turn unmask. That's your way. I'm going by this path."

"To-morrow morning, Floss."

"To-morrow morning," she echoed, with a glad ring in her voice, and she disappeared in the gloom of the shrubs.

The young fellow walked slowly back to the house.

"I don't want to go in," he murmured; "but—well, I'd like to see Miss Fitzjerome. Poor little girl, if she only knew of what a tragedy she has nearly formed the centre to-night."

* * * * *

Phyllis, surrounded by her friends in the full glory of their hitherto concealed toilettes, was making her apologies for being absent at the ceremony of unmasking.

"I want my answer now, Floss?"

"How pale you are," they said.

"It was the heat of the domino," she replied.

"The lady of the house looks as if she had seen a ghost," one man remarked to Sydney Hamilton.

"Does she? I'm sorry to say I've not been introduced to my hostess. Will you point out Miss Fitzjerome?"

"Yes; there she is in white and pearls. Come along, I'll introduce you to her."

She was looking his way. Their eyes met, and he saw the anxiety that possessed her of how he would awaken to the discovery of her true identity.

Quietly following his friend, he reached the girl, and was formally introduced.

"Let me congratulate you, Miss Fitzjerome, on the success of your dance," he said, and then, as they stood for a moment alone, he added softly: "Not to-morrow, but now; I want my answer now, Floss."

"What answer do you want *now*?" she asked.

"The same that I have always wanted," he answered. "Just a simple 'yes.'"

"To-morrow," she laughed.

"But it will be 'yes'?" he asked.

She looked at him for an instant, and, with a smile, she nodded her head. Then, as though she had conceded more than she had intended, she turned, and was lost in the crowd of guests.

Google

What A Dog Can Do

By Geoffrey Harding

A dog learned in the art of "dying" and "trust" and so on is undoubtedly an interesting companion, and can afford considerable pleasure. Yet there always lurks about the highly trained dog a sense of unreality—a feeling that he is trying to accomplish what nature never intended. The reflection, perhaps, ends there in the case of a home-trained pet, but with respect to professional performers one cannot but feel that often considerable cruelty has led to a comparatively paltry result.

Tut! Tut!!

Oh! Oh!!

Space forbids any discussion of the already much-debated question of the cruelty of dog-trainers. It may be necessary to be very severe. It may be fatal to success to be cruel. Dog-trainers *may* be the kindest, gentlest, most humane of beings imaginable, only—I don't believe it.

Ha! Ha!!

For my own part I must confess that I find my chief pleasure in the achievement by a dog of something distinctly suggested to him by his reasoning faculties—his instinct.

Marvellous, indeed, are the dog stories we hear and read of. Far be it from me to try and surpass them, but I have in my mind one story which at least shows a dog's reasoning powers.

Google

My two friends were respectively a small fox-terrier and a spaniel. It so chanced that one morning I walked into the large ball-room of our house with the two dogs at my heels. I was looking for someone, and, failing to find the person, I stood a few moments deciding upon what I should do.

My attention was suddenly called to the little terrier. The animal evidently wanted to get out of the room. At the end of the ball-room were some very large folding doors leading into the drawing-room, and over these doors hung a heavy curtain. The central door was unlocked, and the dog, by jumping on his hind legs and pushing with its fore-paws, was able

Looks like lemon-squash!

Ye-e-es, but——

to press it open. Owing, however, to the heavy curtains, the door swung back before the little animal could run through. I stood watching his futile endeavours, and wondering what he would do.

After some four or five attempts he paused and trotted back to where I stood with the spaniel lying on the ground at my feet, his nose between his paws. I watched most attentively. The terrier stood in front of the spaniel, which raised its head. The noses of the two animals remained two or three inches apart, and I saw nothing except a slight twitching of their nostrils. After a few seconds the spaniel slowly rose to its feet with an air of "bother it, what a nuisance you are."

The two dogs moved together across the room. Simultaneously they rose on their hind legs, and with their front paws pressed the door. The combined effort and the superior weight of the spaniel forced the door well open. The terrier seized the opportunity, and trotted through whilst the spaniel trotted back, as the door slowly shut to again, and flopped down at my feet.

The photographs of the clever little black and tan terrier which we are able to give are by Mr. Lessey Beard, of the "Clevedon" Studio.

There must have been something else in it!

Google

By Lewis Stevens.

It sounds paradoxical to assert that swimming may be learnt on dry land, yet such, according to many eminent authorities, is undoubtedly the case. It has been found, after long experience, that men and women, and even children, who have studied the various movements of swimming whilst upon the dry land have become far more proficient in the art than those who commenced by floundering about in the water.

This strange theory of learning how to become a successful swimmer was first propounded ten years ago by Dr. Roth, a celebrated German, who wrote a book setting forth his ideas. Of course, the worthy doctor was laughed at, and his theory was pooh-poohed and dismissed without any serious consideration whatever. Our own London School Board was approached by Dr. Roth, who begged to be permitted to teach his system in certain selected schools under the Board's jurisdiction. But the theory was too novel, and so altogether opposed to accepted ideas, that the doctor's offer was declined, although the Amateur Swimming Association sent a deputation to the School Board Committee supporting the

This is the first movement of the breast stroke.

This is the second movement of the same stroke.

Google

claims of the German scientist.

But, strange to say, although the system has not received the official recognition of the Board, it is in one of their schools that children are being taught upon the dry land to swim in the water. Miss Kingston, an organising teacher with controlling power over certain Board Schools in the district of Hackney, made a study of all known systems of learning to swim, and she came to the conclusion that the theory of Dr. Roth was well worth putting into practice.

This illustrates the final movement of the breast stroke.

At the Morning Lane schools she introduced the system, and by dint of perseverance has brought it to perfection, so that now there is not the slightest doubt that the water is *not* the place in which to learn to swim.

In this picture the children are mastering the side stroke.

How well the system has worked is shown by Miss Kingston's report, issued last year. She says: "The swimming and life-saving drill has already proved a great help to the acquisition of the art of swimming. I have already visited many schools in the district, at the request of the head teachers, to impart instruction to those children who intended to visit the baths this season. It is not only an effective and beneficial form of physical exercise, but it materially helps to shorten the amount of time spent by the children in the water in learning the movements."

French children, it is interesting to note, have for many years past been taught to swim upon the dry land in accordance with the Roth theory. The little ones lie face downward on small stools raised about a foot from the ground, and in this position are taught the various movements of swimming.

We publish a number of photographs, through the courtesy of Messrs. Russell and Sons, photographers, of Baker Street, showing the method in which the classes are conducted, and the movements through which the children are put. Those who understand swimming will readily appreciate the first three pictures, which show the positions and actions of the arms, shoulder, and breast in moving through the water. The fourth illustration shows how the children learn the side stroke. The exercises depicted in the fifth and sixth photographs are very useful, and can be explained much more fully upon shore than in the water. In the former, the children

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The method adopted here of promoting artificial respiration is in accordance with the practise devised by Dr. Sylvester.

are being taught how to release themselves from the clutch of a dying person, whilst in the other picture they are practising the method of carrying an insensible person in the water—one, for instance, who has met with an accident, or who has been seized with cramp.

Of course, in connection with the swimming lessons, the children at Miss Kingston's school are taught how to induce artificial respiration in a drowning person who has been brought to shore, and the method of "turning" such a person in the way most likely to aid in restoring consciousness.

All the children who have been through the course of swimming lessons, as arranged by Miss Kingston on Dr. Roth's plan, have turned out remarkably successful swimmers, far more so, indeed, than if they had studied in the old orthodox manner. Many other schools and night classes are adopting the system under Miss Kingston's direction, and an exhibition given at the Albert Hall not long ago led all those who were present on that occasion, and favoured the old system, to come to the conclusion that, after all, there was something in learning to swim upon the dry land.

This shows how the victim of a prolonged immersion should be turned during the process of promoting artificial respiration.

Perhaps the greatest advantage of the Roth system is that all children—the timid as well as the daring—have equal opportunities in

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learning to swim. Under the old régime many children became terribly frightened upon finding themselves in the water, and it was next to impossible to teach them any of the movements. But by going through the various exercises upon the dry land, in a quiet and thorough manner, the children master every detail of the art, and thus, when they at last enter the water, they have infinitely more assurance than they possibly could have did they not know how to support and propel their bodies.

One method of freeing oneself from a drowning person. This can certainly be learnt better on dry land than in the water.

Another advantage of learning to swim upon the dry land is the great saving in time and trouble which is effected, The lessons in this very useful art have hitherto been totally inadequate on account of the inconvenience entailed by a visit to the swimming baths. Few Board schools possess baths of their own, and thus it has been necessary, when a lesson in swimming was to be given, to proceed to some public bath. Such a visit would occupy at least a whole morning, and naturally the lessons have not been so frequent as to give them the value they might otherwise possess. Now, the school hall or gymnasium takes the place of the swimming bath, and thus lessons may be conveniently given two or three times a week.

Any readers of this article who may have an opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with the Roth system of learning to swim are heartily recommended to try the method, which, despite its novelty, has successfully stood the severe test of the London Board school.

Like all innovations it is only to be expected that the Roth system will continue for some time to meet with opposition. Those who have hitherto taught swimming, in what may now be called the old-fashioned way, will naturally look with unkindly eyes upon any attempts to revolutionise the teaching of the art. But if Dr. Roth's theory is correct, as seems to have been proved unmistakably by Miss Kingston, then, in a few years, we shall find that beginners are everywhere taught to swim upon the dry land.

The children are taught how to support an unconscious person, an art unknown to many good swimmers

Google

THE CURIOSITY SHOP

A GIANT'S GRAVE.

SIR HUGH CÆSARIUS, whose grave lies in Penrith Churchyard, was a giant knight, who spent the greater portion of his time ex-

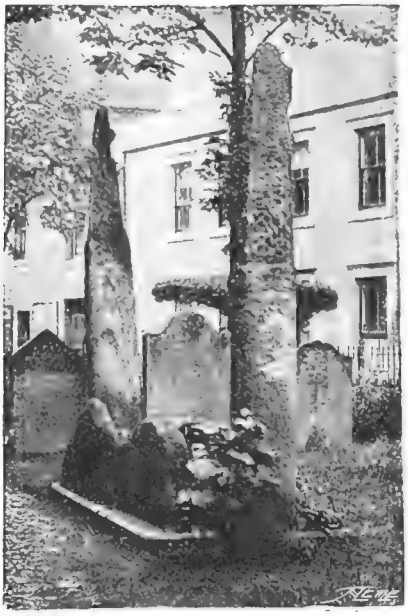


Photo by W. Oxley.

terminating wild boars from Inglewood Forest. The distance between the head and foot pillars of the grave is fourteen feet.

THOMAS À BECKET'S SHOE.

TRADITION asserts this shoe to have been that of Thomas à Becket, of Canterbury, and a much-kissed relic by the pilgrims to that city of old. It was for some time in the St. Nicholas Church collection of curios, Harbledown, Canterbury, but, being by some carelessness in exhibiting to strangers lost, it was for many years missing. A few years ago, however, it turned up at the decease of a

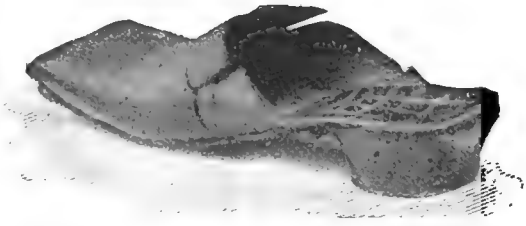


Photo by A. F. Colborne.

local antiquary, Mr. Poole, who was reported to have had it in his possession. It came into the hands of Mr. A. F. Colborne, to be photoed for a bazaar sale, and he then purchased it. The shoe is curious, as having a wooden heel, which evidently continued at one time to the toe, forming a wooden sole. It is enclosed by a thin covering of leather. The *Boot and Shoe Trades Journal* once referred to it as valued £600.

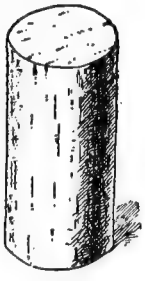
KING PREMPEH'S STAFF.

THIS curious photograph represents a ceremonial staff which belonged to King Prempeh, and was brought to England after the Ashanti Expedition in 1896. As an emblem of office, it was carried before the King on all state occasions by a chief, who stuck it in the ground in front of the low Ashanti gold-studded stool, which did duty for a throne.

Google

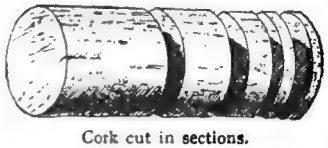
By Caley Wainright.

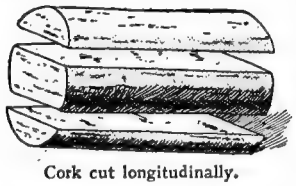
Both toy-making and model-making afford considerable amusement to a vast number of people, nearly as much amusement, in fact, as the destruction of the results do to the mischievous young folks into whose loving but decidedly rough clutches they chance to fall. But building either toys or models requires more time and more attention than many can afford to devote to it. Miniature modelling, however, of such a kind as I propose to describe involves a minimum of skill, no expense, and an unlimited amount of amusement.

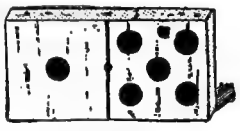

Cork.

What are our tools? Well, a really sharp penknife, a pencil, a pen, some sandpaper, a pair of scissors, a bottle of good gum, some pins and hairpins, a reel of thick thread, a bottle of black ink, a paint brush, and some blue, red, yellow, white, and black paints, comprise a splendid outfit. Our materials in the first instance are matches, ordinary wooden matches, and a supply of corks—all sorts of corks — medicine corks, claret corks, champagne corks, and big wide corks. The chief of these, however, are the ordinary claret corks, for they are more regular in shape, and, as a rule, of good quality.

Commence operations by cutting one of these corks in half. The best method of doing this is to place the centre of the blade on the cork. Then pressing it with the left hand, push the knife backwards and forwards, allowing the cork to roll. Having cut the cork in two, take one half and halve it. Each of the portions will be a quarter of the whole, and I will refer to such as a "quarter." Dividing one of the "quarters" gives two "eighths," and dividing one of these provides us with two "sixteenths." Cutting a cork longitudinally as in the illustration is more difficult, but only a matter of one or two attempts. Out of the central bit rectangular strips may be cut, or a domino can be made.


Cork cut in sections.


Cork cut longitudinally.

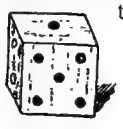

Domino.

Forty "eighths," well rubbed with sandpaper, will give us a set of draughtsmen. A quarter section of a cork carefully cut square (Fig. 1) will produce a cube, and this marked with dots of ink will make an excellent die. Two "eighths" joined by pins will furnish us with a fly cage. A set of chessmen seems an ambitious effort, but in reality is quite simple. For the king take a long wooden match and press it through the centre of two "sixteenths," then through a "quarter," the bottom edge of which has been rounded off on the sandpaper. For the base use an "eighth," and for the crown another "eighth" with a cross cut on it.

Draughtsmen.

Fig. 1.

For the queen proceed exactly as with the king, but make the match a tiny bit shorter, and instead of a crown put a small ball (easily made by rubbing off the corners of a small


Dice.

Ball.

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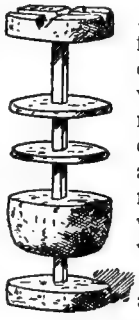
Fly-cage.

cube). For a bishop pass a match through a "sixteenth," then through a large ball, and for a base, as in fact, for all the bases use an "eighth." The mitre is a small medicine cork trimmed nearly to a point, and cut with a groove up each side and across the top.

The body of the knight is a large ball. The head is a small medicine cork fixed on the match at an angle, with another small cork fastened at an angle to the first cork by a pin. A notch forms the mouth. The eyes and nostrils may be burnt with a hot key. Two pieces of match form the ears. Half a cork ground on the sandpaper at the edges and end, and sur- mounted by a mounted by a "sixteenth," with an "eighth" for the base, will form the castle or rook. An "eighth" surmounted by a small ball, with a "quar- ter" for a base, forms a pawn.


King.

Sharpen a match and pierce a "quarter," then take the bottom of a round cardboard box and push the match through the centre. Then add another "quarter" to hold the cardboard, and behold a splendid top. A little paint on the cardboard will add to the general effect.

Crown.

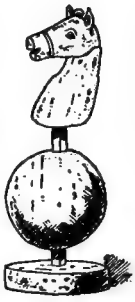
Take a cork from some open-necked bottle, polish it on the sandpaper, and insert four matches tapered off to- wards the bottom. On top of the cork gum a circular piece of cardboard, and behold a rustic table. Stick four short pieces of match into an "eighth," and you have a stool. Add two more pieces of match on the upper side of the "eighth," join them with a strip of cork, and you have an ex- cellent chair. An "eighth" squared off with four very small pieces of match at the four corners furnishes a footstool.

Queen.

A child's walking cart is not difficult to make. Take four cubes, and join them with four matches. In the top of each cube place a match, and join the tops of these matches with a smaller frame of matches and cubes. Pass a pin through the centre of each of four "eighths," and pin them into the lower cubes. The cart is then complete with wheels, and will run easily and well.

Bishop.

A little girl can be fashioned out of a cham- pagne cork. Two pieces of matches form the legs, an "eighth" the base. Two more pieces of match make the arms, and a small ball, fastened with a pin or match to the top of the cork, is the head. A little wool or worsted will supply the hair. A basket can be made out of a nutshell, and a piece of blue paper carefully gummed on will add an apron to the young lady. The child is a small ordinary cork upside down, with two matches stuck into an "eighth" to form legs. The arms and heads are bent matches; a ball on a fragment of match is the head. A ring of stiff paper over the top of the ball makes a hat. A piece of white paper provides baby with a pinafore.


Knight.

Pawn.

Rook.

Top.

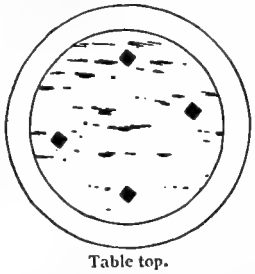


Table top.

The rustic gentle- man is a champagne cork, upside down. The swellings are his breeches. Two pieces of twig are his legs, whilst two bent pieces of twig fastened by pins form his arms. A ball of cork is his head. The brim of his hat is made of a ring of paper, the crown being the top of the ball painted black.

A piece of cork, with one end rounded and the other sharpened to a point, forms the body of mamma stork. The legs are two hairpins, her neck is a match, her head is a small ball of cork, her beak a sharpened match. Her

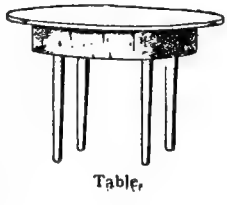


Table.

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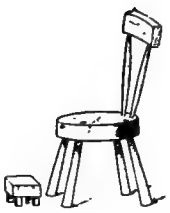
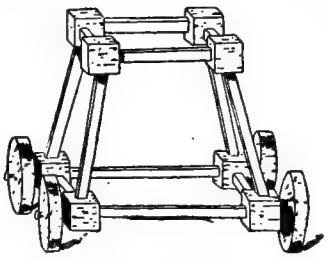


Chair.

offspring is similar, but on a smaller scale. An inverted cork of the pickle-bottle species (Fig. 2), slightly hollowed, and filled with water, makes an admirable pond.

A rocking horse can be made out of three corks, cut to fit at proper angles. The ears are pieces of glove kid, as also the bridle and the reins. The mane and tail are black worsted or wool, the legs are matches stuck into strips of cork, which hold together by means of pins the cardboard rockers.

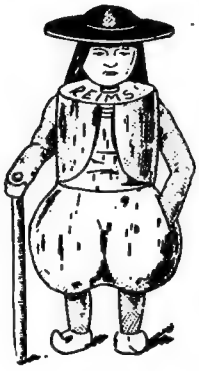


Child's cart.

A number of simple toys can be made of bamboo. Cut off a piece from between two notches. Pierce seven holes, six equidistant, commencing at one end, and the seventh for the mouthpiece at the opposite end, which end is plugged with a cork. The result is a first-rate flute.

Take, again, a small piece of bamboo and slice down a strip without breaking it off. Out of the opposite side cut an opening about 2in. long. Now bore two holes for a wooden handle to revolve in at right angles. On this handle is fixed a notched wheel, which acts on the cut strip, and forms a sort of policeman's rattle.

Girl and small brother.



A rustic.

Now for a windmill. Cut off a piece of bamboo with a notch one end and none the other. Split this latter end slightly to hold a square piece of cardboard. At the opposite end, by means of a pin, attach a strip of bamboo so split that at either end there is a square piece of cardboard held at an angle. By means of another pin fix the horizontal piece of bamboo on an upright so that it revolves. A light breeze will set the mill merrily to work.

Storks.

The two blacksmiths are two pieces of bamboo fixed at their bases to two strips of wood. Their arms are matches and their hammer-heads are corks. As the pieces of wood are slid backwards and forwards, the two smiths deal terrific blows on the cork anvil.

The Eiffel Tower is made from a piece of bamboo with a notch on one end and not at the other. The latter end is split twice (at right angles), so that four strips are formed for legs. Four other strips of bamboo, bent in semi-circles, are tied to the bottom of the legs, and act as stays. Four straight strips bound round at the top of the semi-circles make the lower platform. Four smaller pieces gummed on higher up make a second platform. Two thin pieces of bamboo bent over make an ornamental cage, with a small cork, surmounted by a flagstaff, gummed above them.

By means of a knife very pretty little baskets may be cut out of hazel-nuts. A triangular file serves to finish off the edges. A ring also can be cut, but great care must be taken not to split the shell. Animals, of somewhat uncertain species perhaps, may also be fashioned from nut shells. Flat, open baskets can be cut out of prune stones, and will be useful for dolly's keys.

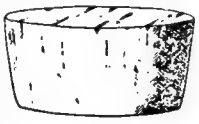


Fig. 2.

A matchbox can be made by cutting out a disc and a somewhat larger ring of cardboard. Pierce them with the same number of holes, and join them with pieces of straw. Thread these uprights with ribbon and the matchbox is

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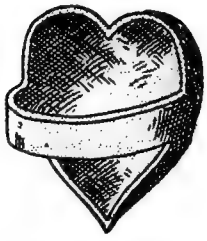
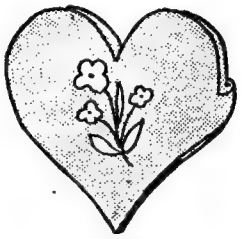
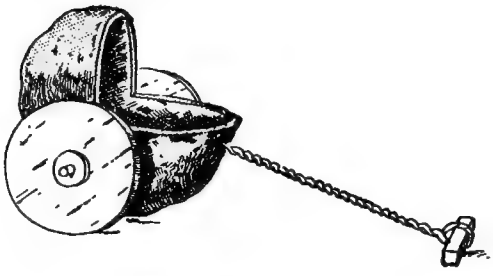


Ring (back view).

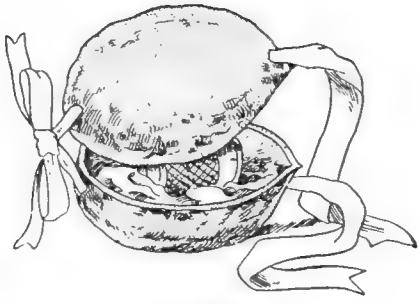


Ring (front view).

Basket.



Hooded cart.



Thimble case.

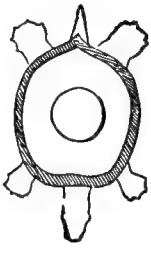
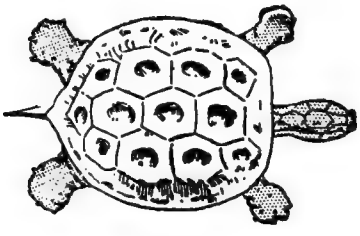
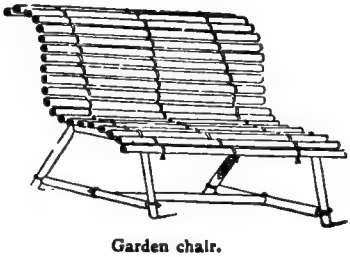


Fig. 4.



Tortoise.

Matchbox.



Garden chair.

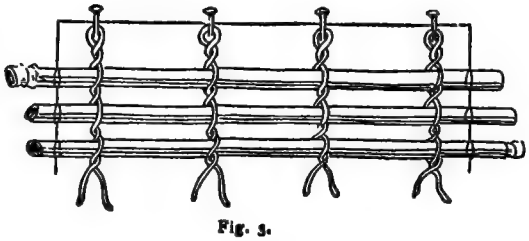


Fig. 3.

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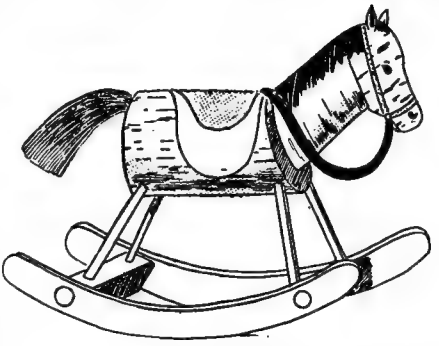
complete. A garden seat can be made with straw and thin wire. The back and seat are made by twisting the wire with a blade of straw in every second turn (see Fig. 3). The legs are straws threaded and secured by wire.

Out of nutshells numbers of miniature toys may be constructed. I have already referred to hazel-nuts, but walnut shells are even more adaptable. Take a shell and pierce a hole through each side near the rim. Pass a wooden match through them, and secure two cork "eighths" for wheels, making them quite secure with pieces of cardboard gummed on either side. A short piece of twisted wire passing through a hole in the front forms a handle to draw the chariot, and half a shell gummed on the top of the body of the vehicle forms a hood.

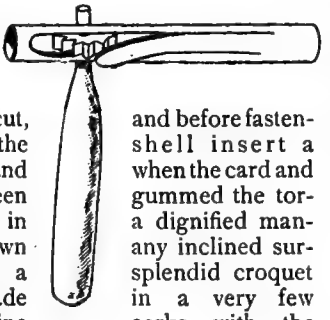
By threading two walnut shells with narrow ribbon, and gumming in a small piece of silk as padding, an admirable thimble case is constructed.

A tortoise can be made by cutting a visiting card so that the head and legs of the tortoise project from under a walnut shell gummed over it (Fig. 4). In the centre of the card a hole must be cut, and before fastening on the shell insert a marble, and when the card and shell have been gummed the tortoise will glide in a dignified manner up and down any inclined surface. Finally, a splendid croquet set can be made in a very few minutes. Medicine corks with the ends rubbed nice and square on the sandpaper form the mallet heads, and matches the handles. A match neatly painted and stuck into an "eighth" will make a stick. Hairpins bent over and stuck into square pieces of cork will make hoops, and marbles will serve excellently as croquet balls. Played on fairly thick cloth, so that the marbles will not run too freely, great fun may be had.

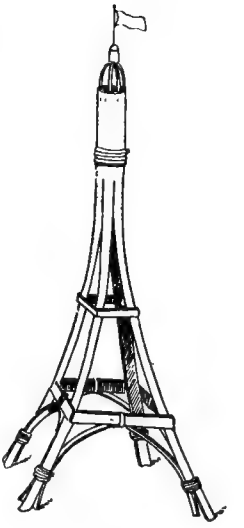


Rocking-horse.

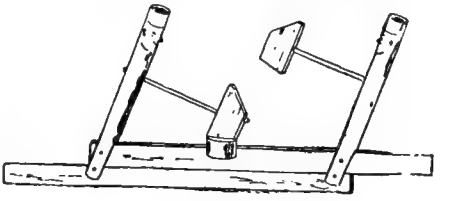
Flute.



Rattle.

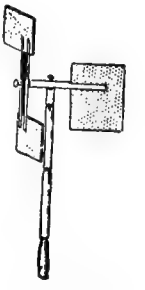


Eiffel Tower.

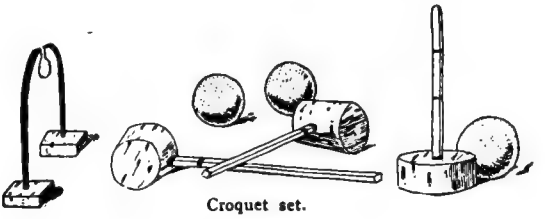


Blacksmiths.

Prune-stone Basket.



Windmill.



Croquet set.

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE will be original in all things. This page, therefore, being at his disposal, the editor proposes to moralise as follows:—

One Million Copies!

Such are the printing orders for the first number of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

A Million Copies! It does not seem anything very wonderful as the eyes glance along the words. Nowadays millions are so glibly spoken of and written about that one is apt to fancy that it is easy to have a just appreciation of what a million really is. Nevertheless, a million copies of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE means more than most people would think.

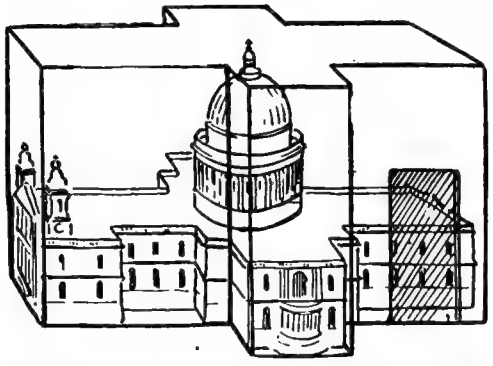
It takes 65 machines 24 days to print it. If one machine had to do the entire printing and worked continuously night and day it would take 521 days. The binding alone affords occupation for 750 hands. No single firm could undertake so large a task to be completed with the necessary speed.

Setting aside all question of the labour involved in designing and completing the Magazine, in printing and binding and distributing it, let us now try and gauge the bulk of a million copies.

In the first place, they weigh almost exactly 300 tons.

Laid flat one on top of the other the million copies would form a slender column rising exactly 4 miles and 1640 yards into the air. That is practically to a height equal to that of Mount Everest.

Placed end to end we would have a "thin buff line" 149 miles 1640 yards in length—a line in fact that would extend from the publishing office some ten or fifteen miles beyond Bristol, or almost to Sheffield.



This is a wall, enclosing St. Paul's, made out of the first edition of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE piled up edgeways.

This is the Eiffel Tower and beside it is the pile of the first number of the ROYAL laid flat one on top of theother.

Or if it were to decide to enclose St. Paul's in a wall as high as the cross at the top of the dome, one million copies of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE would suffice with due allowance for means of entering.

If, before the magazines were stitched together, the loose pages and covers were laid on the ground, they would cover an area of almost exactly 571 acres.

The area of St. Paul's is approximately 78,125 square feet. Five times that would amount to 390,675 square feet, and yet the first edition of the ROYAL MAGAZINE would pave the lot with copies placed side by side, and would leave sufficient over to stretch, if laid in single file and end to end, a distance of over thirteen miles from the Cathedral.

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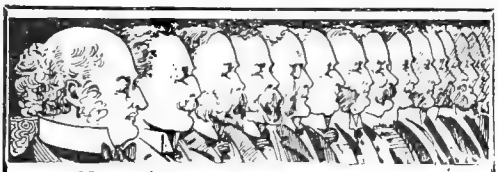

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Open the Four Doors.

SOME years ago a popular play was running at the leading theatre in one of the great cities of America. Night after night the house was crowded. To get in at all it was necessary to buy tickets in advance. Brilliant audiences absorbed the music and applauded the performance. The critics said it was a grand success and the management suspended the free list. Yet on the night I am about to mention one visitor, not "connected with the Press," entered unchallenged and without a ticket. His name was *Death*—but nobody saw him. Parquette, balcony, boxes, and gallery—all were packed. Diamonds glittered on snowy necks, perfumes were wafted about by waving fans; eyes shone with pleasurable excitement; the people were happy under the stimulus of their combined vitality. Who would have dared to hint that they were not *safe*. If anybody *thought* it no one *said* it. Still, *there stood Death at the wings*, waiting the moment he knew was near at hand. It came, and the tragedy that followed filled the world with horror. The near-by community bowed down under it as the men and beasts of caravans hide their faces before a desert sandstorm. The disaster seemed too great for pity, and the common feeling of sympathy was dulled, as pain is dulled by a narcotic. You ask me for the details! Why, man, the papers overflowed with them for a week. I can't repeat them here. "But the nature and the reason of the calamity?" Yes, you shall know that. Read this letter first, and then we will learn a double lesson.

"In September, 1895, I suddenly fell into a low state of health. The life and force were gone from me; I was weary and languid. My skin was sallow; and cold clammy sweats came over me; my hands and feet were cold as death. In my stomach was a gnawing pain, which continued day and night. I was racked with pain and lay broad awake half the night. My appetite forsook me, and every morsel of food I took produced so much distress that I used liquids only, such as beef-tea and milk. I became so weak it was hard work for me even to cross the floor. My kidney secretion was high-coloured, scanty, and thick.

"Thus I went on for a year and a half, all the time growing weaker and weaker. I have not words to describe my suffering. I am sure *I aged ten years* in that brief period; I had lost so much flesh and got so thin and shrunken. In the early part of 1896 I was so bad and helpless that friends and relations had to come and nurse me. For four months I was assisted in and out of bed, and dressed and undressed by them.

"The pain in the stomach now increased until my nurses were put to trouble to keep me in bed." The attending doctor said I was suffering from peritonitis; but neither poultices, applications, or medicine relieved me. Once I lay for twenty-one hours in such pain you can scarcely imagine it.

"In May (1897) all my friends and neighbours thought I could not possibly live, and *the prayers of the Church were offered for me*. I then began taking Mother Seigel's Syrup, which I obtained from Mr. Nice, Grocer, Bury St. Edmunds. After having used it a few days I felt great relief, and the pains were much abated. I could eat, and was stronger. I continued with this medicine, improving daily, and by and by was strong and well. I can now do my housework and eat any kind of food. Since then I have had no return of the disease. I am convinced that Mother Seigel's Syrup saved my life. You may publish this letter and refer anyone to me." (Signed) (Mrs.) Hannah Ruddock, The Guild Hall, Bardwell, Bury St. Edmunds, Nov. 11th, 1897.

This case is well known to the people of Bardwell, who corroborate Mrs. Ruddock's statement. She is very much respected, and several ladies residing in the neighbourhood visited her during her illness.

Now for the especial point I want you to understand and remember. In the process of digestion, and of living, waste and outworn substances constantly accumulate in the body. They are all more or less poisonous, and nature has arranged to expel them immediately. If they are got rid of as fast as they are produced we enjoy our usual good health. But, bear in mind, we are *never* wholly free from them. "If," says a medical authority, "a man's blood at any one time contained ten times its normal amount of these poisons he would die; just as he would from swallowing a fatal dose of any poison."

Now the body has *four doors* through which these things are expelled—the skin, the bowels, the kidneys, and the lungs. Keep them open and all is well. Close any one or more of them and we are ill. Keep them long closed and we die. In Mrs. Ruddock's case these exits were impeded by her disease. Her stomach, paralysed by dyspepsia, threw more and more of the poisons into the blood. Hence a complication which only a medicine like Mother Seigel's Syrup could overcome. *That* stopped the excessive manufacturer of the poisons, opened the *four doors*, and saved her.

As for those poor people at the burning theatre. There was a panic at the alarm of fire, *the exits were inadequate, and hundreds were consumed alive in the raging flames.* Surely I need not enforce such lessons as these.

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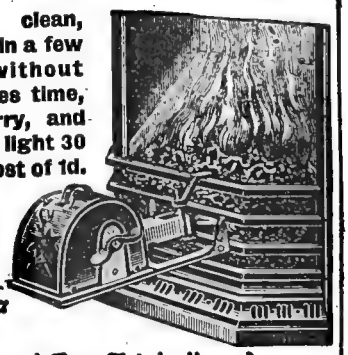

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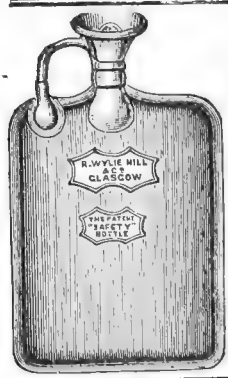

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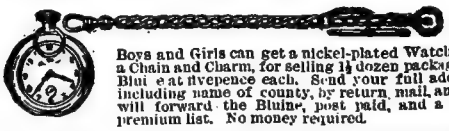

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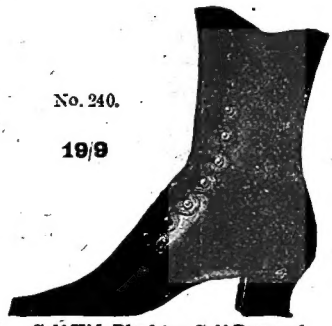

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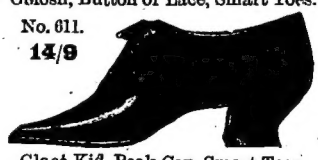

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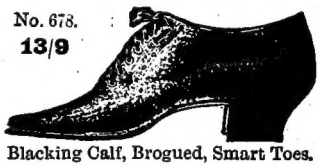

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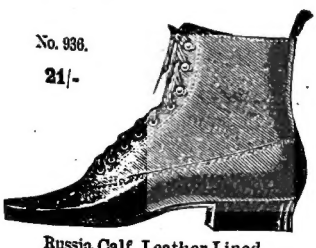

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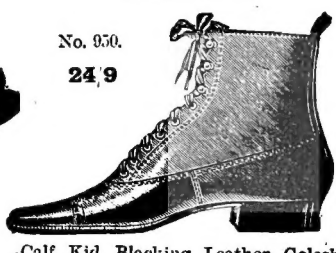

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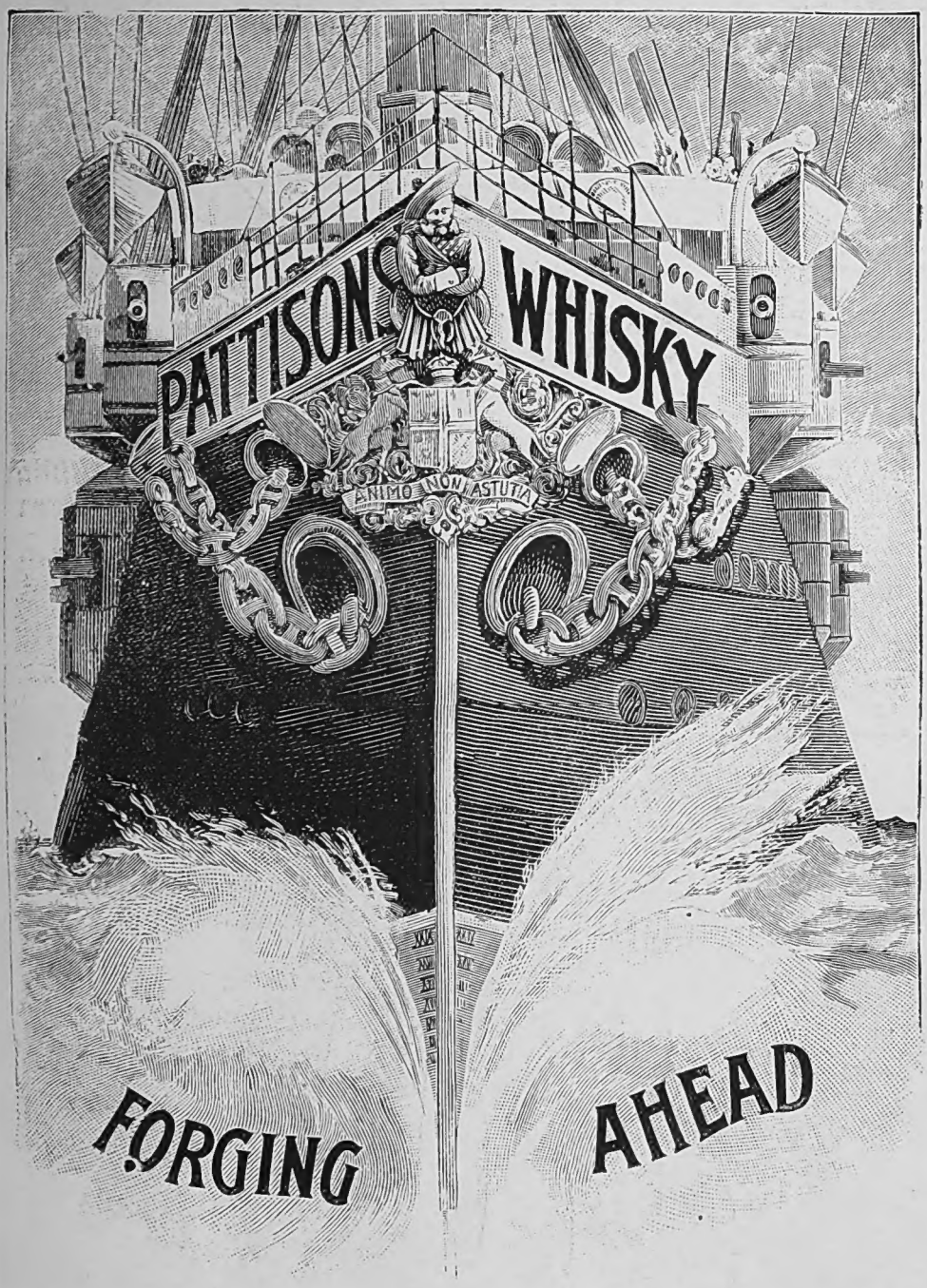

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